THE HICKMAN COURIER.

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THE HICKMAN COURIER.

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Fine Job Printing

—EXECUTED—

With Neatness and Dispatch.

SALE BILLS,
ENVELOPES,
LETTER-HEADS,
BILL-HEADS,
INVITATIONS,
ETC, ETC.

CALL AND SEE US.

A CHILD'S MOOD.

(At the end of the day.)

I want that rose the wind took yesterday
  I want it more than this:
It had no thorn—it was the best that grew.
  I want my last night's kiss.

I want that butterfly with spotted wings
  That brushed across my hand
Last night between the sunset and the dew—
  It came from fairy-land.

It would have stayed, I guess, it wavered so,
  Where all these pansies bloom;
They gave it wings to get away from me,
  I lost it in the gloom,

And yesterday the bees on all the heads
  Of clover swung so slow,
I saw them take their honey; but to-day
  They only sting and go.

That star, that always came before the moon,
  Dropped out of heaven last night;
I hunted where I saw it fall—and found
  A worm with yellow light.

I want the sun to go and let the dark
  Hide everything away.
That was the sweetest rose in all the world
  The wind took yesterday.

Jules C. Marsh, in Wide Awake.

MISSION OR NO MISSION?

"What is the use of such ugly things, do you think, Ben?" And Fanny Brown's face was pale with fright as she drew her dainty little foot away from a large spotted toad she had nearly stepped upon.

"Why, no use, of course," said Ben, "only to scare silly girls; and they are needed for *that*, because girls will screech and squall enough to startle the man in the moon, if they only see their own shadow; so they are of no use for anything."

"Yes; but, Ben, mother says everything has a mission; and this toad is a thing, so it must have one."

"O, bah! Mother is a mighty smart and good woman, but she says herself she doesn't know everything; and it's my opinion that on 'this particular point,' as 'Squire James would say, she is mistaken. She is crazy on the subject of missions. But this toad hasn't any, I know. And I believe a good many people are just like it—of no use under the sun; don't you, Fan?"

"I do, if Fan doesn't. And I am one of them: a great, awkward creature that has never accomplished anything but to fill up and mar a space that some one else would have adorned. I guess Ben is right, and I belong to the class of people like the toad—of no use under the sun." And a bitter expression, sad to see on so young a face, settled in the dark eyes and around the thin lips of their eldest sister, Sue, as, sitting by a window, hidden by the dark green leaves of a large lilac bush, she had been listening to the children's prattle.

Poor Sue! Of a naturally sensitive and rather melancholy disposition, she had, unfortunately, in her early girlhood heard a thoughtless visitor remark that in a large family of children of remarkable beauty, she was the only ugly one. And her mirror seemed to her to verify the statement; for the great black eyes, straight, raven-black hair, dark complexion and thin lips, were a striking contrast to the other fair faces, with their [illegible] hair that daily surrounded [illegible] table of the Brown's. Her disposition, too, was unique, and unlike all by whom she was surrounded. She had lived an almost isolated life, though in a large family of brothers and sisters. The brother next in age to herself had died in infancy, and the twins, Nellie and Dellie, four years younger—two gay, bright creatures, as much alike in nature as in names and age—had no need of any company or sharer in their mutual objects of interest, while Fanny and Ben were as inseparable as substance and shadow. Wandering through the grove in search of nuts or berries, pouring over the same lesson or story-books; telling to each other all their hopes and plans, or forming themselves into a self-appointed committee for the purpose, they criticised and discussed the merits and demerits of the Brown family as freely as if they themselves had no part nor lot in it. So, left to herself, she had found companionship in books, whose dear old authors never alluded to or reminded her of her "unfortunate ugliness," as she termed it. And while Nelly and Dellie were crimping and frizzing their hair and arranging their flounces and ruffles for party or picnic, she, in careless attire, with hair drawn back any way to keep it out of her eyes, was reveling in the scenes of ancient history; roaming with "Agnes of Sorrento" through orange groves; following "David Copperfield" through his weary childhood, or wandering with "Evangeline" in her hopeless search for the loved and lost. But to-day a strange feeling of unrest had taken possession of her—a nervous dissatisfaction with herself and all by which she was surrounded. Turning with restless fingers the leaves of her favorite poet, Longfellow, the "Psalm of Life" met her eye, with its

"Lives of great men all remind us
  We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
  Footprints on the sands of time."

"I don't believe it! There is no sublimity to be made of my life, and I will never make any 'footprints on the sands of time' that any one 'seeing, may take heart again.'" And, with a rudeness and snap which might have startled its author from a quiet nap in his chestnut chair, she thrust the volume in the bookcase and sauntered down stairs, where she arrived just in time to see Nelly and Dellie, radiant in fresh muslin, with ribbons to match, embarking for a picnic, of which she had not even heard. The father and mother gone to the city on business, taking the two little ones with them, and she had the great, quiet house to herself.

"I wonder if those butterflies will make any 'footprints on the sands of time?'" she said, as she watched the twins tripping gaily down the walk, and caught the merry ripple of their laughter as they disappeared from sight. "Well, may be 'tis better to be a butterfly out in the sunlight than a dreary black cricket up in the attic," and she seated herself at the window just in time to hear Fan and Ben's conversation. Though she had herself answered Ben's question, she leaned forward to hear Fanny's rejoinder, which came clear and quick;

"No, mother is *right*. Everybody *has* a mission. You know mission means work, and all can work some way."

"Well, Fan, as you seem to know so much about it, let's play you are a missionary—sort of a woman preacher, you know—and I'll be a heathener; and in the course of your remarks inform your benighted audience what great mission I or any other Brown has. Say you begin at the head of the family, and take us all in order down to the baby. There is a lot of Browns, and maybe the conversion or the conquering of the world depends upon our family."

"Well, to begin," said Fannie, nothing daunted by the task assigned her, though, like many another speaker, she was altogether unprepared, "there is father and mother—but, Ben, what does mortgage mean? I heard father tell mother this morning that he would have to mortgage the place to raise money to pay off some debt, and they seemed in so much trouble about it; and mother said she couldn't help wishing the older children were boys, so they could help make a living; and there seemed to be nothing for girls to do. I'll tell you what it is, Ben, if I were as old and as smart as Sue, I'd teach school or something."

"I think if you did you would have to slick up a little more than she does, and comb your hair and put on a clean collar once a week any way, or I wouldn't be one of your pupils, you bet."

"For shame, Ben! Father says Sue has more sense than all the rest of us put together. And I believe he thinks she is the prettiest child he has, too, for he often says she looks just like his mother, and you know everybody's mother is pretty."

"Well, maybe she is," said Ben; "but I like to see girls like Nell and Dell—sort of fancy, you know—girls who know how to comb their hair and fix up."

"But father says Sue is *filling* her head, while Nell and Dell are only ornamenting the outside of theirs."

"Well," began the beauty-loving Ben again, "if I had a good watch I'd want a handsome case for it."

Strange revelations, all these, to the silent girl at the window. The parents' trouble to provide a living; the probable mortgage of the dear old home; her father's appreciation of herself; the morbid selfishness with which she had shut herself away from the family love and sympathy, and the fact that she had never made an effort to win the love, and, with it, an influence over her gay young brother—all came over her with a rush, that, had he known it, it would have made Ben acknowledge that even that toad had a mission, since it occasioned the conversation that caused the tumult in her thoughts.

Two hours later, as the children stood at the gate waiting for the family wagon, they were joined by a tall girl, whose long, black hair was arranged in glossy, becoming braids, decorated with two bright pink rosebuds, with another at her throat, where a snowy white collar was fastened, while her great, dark eyes were gleaming with the light of a new inspiration.

"Why, Sue!" exclaimed the impulsive Ben, "you look just like Mrs. Anson this evening!" And the light in the dark eyes grew brighter, for wasn't Mrs. Anson, the minister's young wife, known to be Ben's ideal of a queenly-looking woman?

And two weeks later Mr. Brown listened like one in a dream to the gentlemanly trustee, who called to inform him that his daughter's application for the district school had been accepted, and the term would begin the following Monday.

"What does it all mean?" he inquired, turning to Sue, who had quietly entered the room.

"It is the result of a short sermon from a little woman preacher, named Fanny Brown, which I had the privilege of listening to."—*N. Y. Observer.*

No monarch, and very few private persons, can have led a life of higher more intense and more absorbing interest than the young man who, in 1868, when but sixteen, found himself Mikado of Japan, with the ancient but long dormant rights of sole and supreme ruler restored to that office. By fortunate chance the purple fell, in his case, on one well fitted to wear it, and the work done in Japan in which he has taken an active and intelligent share in fourteen years has been enormous. Between 1869 and 1871 the Daimios, the great feudal Princes, were, with the exception of the clan Satsuma—not radically subdued until 1877—whose chief was the mighty Salgo, denuded of their power, they and their military retainers receiving a pecuniary compensation. In 1873 all classes of able-bodied men were rendered liable to conscription in the imperial army. This army, organized by Frenchmen, has now for nearly ten years been in a high state of efficiency. Its West Point, conducted chiefly on the pattern of that establishment, is Toyama, near Tokio. The total military force is 120,000. The Japanese navy is on the model of the British. It includes twenty war vessels, nineteen being steamships. National education on the new model dates from 1871. By 1873 the Government schools had 400,000 pupils. To-day they have over over 2,500,000. Tokio University has nearly 2,000. One well acquainted with Japanese pupils says that "intellectually they are on the average equal to those of Europe or America, while in the gentler virtues of respect, docility, industry, politeness, and self-control, they are unquestionably superior." A prevailing feature among this people, and one which strikes even the least observant, is their almost exasperatingly sweet temper. It is well-nigh impossible to make them angry, and a lady, long resident in Japan, says it is really true that Japanese children are scarcely ever heard to cry. This celestial condition in the nursery is not produced by the soothing syrups of a Japanese Pinkslow, but is the result of the tact of the child-handlers—oftentimes old men. The Japanese post-office is another of the Nation's triumphs. A mole-hill has in ten years grown into a mountain. The railroads, though not numerous, are cheap and pay well. They are now chiefly superintended and worked by natives. Accidents are almost unknown. From half a mile in September, 1869, the telegraph lines have grown to 4,000 miles, worked by 1,800 employes, of whom ten only are foreigners. It would be well for this country if its jails were in half as satisfactory plight as are those of Japan, and in this matter Japan has borrowed but little from the foreigner. The most minute precautions are taken to prevent abuse of authority by prison officials. The Governor of a jail may inflict no punishment more severe than the dark cell or shackles, and this but for a stricly limited period, without the sanction of a District Court. This system is carried out with as much strictness in the most remote provinces as in the capital. The vast system thus in little more than ten years created is directed and controlled by a Cabinet of thirteen, over which the Mikado vigilantly presides, assisted by a council of the ablest and best informed men, who give advice and attend to the details of enactments made by the Cabinet. Provincial assemblies have existed since 1878, and National Parliamentary Government is to the order of the day.—*Chicago Times.*

—Indiana people are not easily run over. Some of them were seated in a buggy which the horse had left on the railroad track just as the engine passed that way. The engine caught the buggy and pushed it along on the rails, broke the thills, smashed every wheel, demolished the box and tore the dash-board to pieces. The man and woman were thrown out, the woman under the horse, but neither horse, man nor woman were injured.

Tough Stories.

One of the characters of this village is a venerable man named Uncle John Hurr, who settled here more than fifty years ago, and he takes great pleasure in relating incidents and stories of pioneer times. Last evening there was quite a large party assembled under the maples, and the conversation turning on snake stories, ex-Sheriff Piatt, the proprietor of the hotel, asked Uncle John to tell the strangers something about how plenty rattlesnakes were fifty years ago.

"I fear you would not b'leeve me," said the veteran, "if I was to tell you what I have seen the snakes do."

"Is it true that rattlesnakes were so plenty on these mountains once that the settlers had to fire guns in the evening to frighten them away and prevent them from swimming the creek?"

"That's a fact," replied Uncle John, "but I can tell you something stranger than that about the pesky varmints."

"Let's have it," all hands exclaimed at once.

"Jist keep quiet an' I'll tell how a big blacksnake once treated me."

"Well, once, about forty-nine years ago, I went up on that mountain one afternoon for huckleberries. They were very plenty in those days, and so were the snakes. I carried a small basket, and it was not long before I had it well filled with very choice berries. I sot the basket down by a big stone and was jist reachin' for some more berries when I heerd a terrible trashin' in the bushes, an' soon I seen the head of a snake comin' toward me. I knew it was a big black racer at once, an' as I always carried a stout hickory stick I prepared to give battle if it tackled me;" and Uncle John took off his spectacles and wiped the glasses.

"What did it do?" inquired Judd, the miller.

"What did it do? Why, it jist sailed up to my basket, and seizin' it in its mouth sailed off through the bushes holdin' it as proudly as if it had gathered every berry."

"Now, Uncle John, you don't mean that the snake carried off your basket of huckleberries in its mouth?" said Billy Sweatman, the minstrel, who was one of the summer visitors.

"I jist mean that," replied the pioneer, as he brought his stout cane down on the platform with a thwack that made the boards crack. "An' that's not all; I'm not done with that snake yet."

"Let's have the *whole* story," said Billy.

"Well, I didn't like the idea of losin' my basket, an' so I gave chase to the racer; an' the way we thrashed around among the bushes for half an hour was a caution, the snake holdin' my basket all the time in its mouth. Finally I got near enough to hit it a blow on the back as it was crawlin' over a log, and that settled it."

"Did you get the basket?" they all asked.

"Yes, sirree; but I had to pry its jaws open with a stick before it would let go of the handle!"

"Was it a big snake?" inquired the [illegible]

"A big snake! It just measured nine feet long, and was as thick as a young saplin'," said Uncle John, as he pointed to a maple about four inches in thickness. And then he removed his spectacles and leaned back in his chair like a Congressman after voting for some big bill.

General H. W. Earley, a candidate for Congress in this district, happened along before Uncle John had finished his snake story, and became an interested listener. Everybody knew him, and they all demanded that he should tell a story.

The General took a seat, and, removing his spectacles, began by saying:

"When I was up the Sinnemaponing Creek last winter, lookin' for timber, I discovered a black bear coming down the mountain pretty fast not far from where I was standing, and, supposing that something had frightened him, I did not attempt to hide or climb a tree, as I thought he would keep on. But I soon discovered that he was mad, and that I had made a mistake, for the moment that he discovered me he gave a growl, and opening his mouth very wide, rushed at me. I had no weapon with me but a stout pocket-knife with a long blade, and I hurriedly opened it, determined to sell my life dearly if the ferocious beast attacked me. I didn't have to wait long before bruin came up in front of me, and, rearing on his hind legs, prepared to embrace me. As he reached out his paws and undertook to hug me, I jumped around to his back, and, shoving the knife-blade into his neck, drew it clear down to his tail, cutting him so completely in two that he fell apart at my feet. There was a powerful pressure on that knife-blade, boys, but it saved me!"—*Fruit Run Cor. Philadelphia Times.*

Japan Houses.

The mode of constructing the houses here, while causing the least outlay, is admirably adapted to the conditions of the climate. A Japanese house is really a double affair. The most expense is put into the roof, which is of splendid heavy tile in all the towns and villages. On the isolated farm houses straw thatch is used more extensively. The roof is sustained by uprights framed into it, which have their foundations on the ground. The floor is generally about two feet above the ground, and is divided into rooms by paper partitions, which are in sections and slide in grooves. They can, at pleasure, be entirely removed, leaving, if necessary, the entire area in one room. The sides of the building, or at least one or more, are also in sections, which slide in grooves, and are removed during the day if required. Generally there is a space left for a passageway between the outside and the inner partitions forming the rooms, so that in winter the rooms inclosed only by paper screens are made warm and comfortable by the protection of the outer shell when slid into position, while in summer the facility with which all partitions are removed insures good ventilation. Very many of the houses are built with an interior court, devoted to ornamental shrubs and flowers, showing an admirable degree of æsthetic taste in the people.—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

Reason for Not Marrying.

"Old Bach," who writes to the New York *Sun*, gives a reason why he is not married, which is a reason. "I am," he says, "thirty-five, an old bachelor, they say; and have been wanting a wife these ten years. Some of my friends suggest that I want to marry rich, and am too particular. Now I do not object to riches if other things are all right. But, honor bright, if I were to find a woman who would bring nobler thoughts, make me a better man, think less of gossip about her neighbors, and more about her own home affairs, a woman well educated and not helpless, I should like to marry her, even if she did not own a copper."

Yankee Beef Abroad.

When it was first proposed to export American beef to England the undertaking was looked upon as one which would result in a disastrous failure. In spite of all predictions of failure, the undertaking was a success financially, and was followed by other shipments until hundreds of thousands of cattle were exported to Great Britain annually. The first shipment was made by Timothy C. Eastman, of New York, who has amassed a fortune in the cattle trade. Recently Mr. Eastman took a trip to England and has just returned.

"The exportation of American beef at present is not carried on as much as formerly," said Mr. Eastman. "The high prices prevailing here being fully equal to those in England, it does not pay. The price of beef, however, is now declining, and undoubtedly the exportation will soon be resumed."

"What made American beef so popular in England? Was it better than English beef?"

"I cannot say that, for it is very hard to make the average Englishman believe that there is anything better than is found in England. Our best beef is fully as good as any found in England, but they have a great deal of common beef in that country. This coarse meat brings a higher price there than the same quality does here, while choice cuts bring a lesser price. This is due to the many uses beef is put to in England. They may make it into stews, and use it in various ways. The average Englishman goes for the substance of the meat."

"When was beef first exported in any quantity to England?"

"In 1875 I sent about 100 head a week. The demand rapidly increased, and in 1876 I shipped 500 to 600 head per week. In 1877 the average per week was 1,000 head, and in 1878 it went up to 1,800 a week."

"In what year was the largest quantity exported?"

"In 1880. During that year I sent to England 100,000 head of cattle, either in dressed quarters or alive, and all the other firms sent 100,000 head more."

"How is the meat preserved from decay during the voyage?"

"It is sent in compartments cooled either by ice or compressed air. Any good refrigerators which keep the temperature at thirty degrees is sufficient."

"Is it necessary when live cattle are shipped to fatten them up after the sea voyage?"

"Not at all; they stand the voyage well and will eat all you give them. When they arrive on the other side they are in as good condition as when they started."

"Is not the trade likely to decline?"

"It is scarcely possible. The trade has been increasing ever since our English cousins found out that American beef was just as good as their own, and could be purchased at a less price."

"Your beef is sold mainly in the large cities, I presume?"

"O, no. We send beef to almost every town in England. The be[illegible] taken from the vess[illegible] and sent direct to distant towns."

"Has any other country followed the wake of America?"

"Yes; Australia ships large quantities of beef and mutton to England. Three years ago I saw beef and mutton in England which had been brought from Australia in sailing vessels. The mutton was splendid, having come in compartments cooled by compressed air."

"Is beef the chief meat used in England?"

"I think mutton is the main stay among the people there. The hills of Scotland are covered with sheep, and English mutton is of a much better flavor than our own."

"Are as many cattle raised in England as in former years?"

I think so. There are great numbers raised in the northern part of England as well as in Ireland. The sudden demand in England for American beef, was not due to any scarcity of English beef, for there is as much beef there today as there ever was. Nor was it due to its superior quality, for the two are about equal; it was the fact that we could import beef to England and sell it at a less price, with profit, than the native beef. There will be beef enough here next year," added Mr. Eastman.

"The public will be glad to hear it," said the reporter. "But what foundation has your opinion?"

"My opinion is based on the following facts: Last year there was a short corn crop, and it sold for sixty to seventy cents a bushel. The Western farmers instead of feeding corn to the cattle, gave them other food, and thus the cattle grew poor."

"Is there not a scarcity of beef?"

"No, sir; there is as much to-day as there ever was, but it is of a poorer quality. The best beef in the country comes to New York; everybody wants the best, consequently poor, lean beef won't sell, and, of course, when good fat beef is scarce the price goes up. There are cattle enough of ordinary quality in the territories, but they are not fed up. We have the promise of a good corn crop this year; and good beef will be plenty and sell at a lower price next year. The remedy for high prices is a good corn crop."—*N. Y. Star.*

A Spot With a History.

"Between Heliopolis and Zagazig," says the London *News*, "there is an interesting spot connected with later Jewish history. It is called Tel-el-Yehoodee, or 'The Mound of the Jew.' In Josephus, b. xiii., c. iii., will be found an account of it. Onias, son of the High Priest of the Temple of Jerusalem, got permission from Ptolemy and Cleopatra to build a temple in Egypt which should be like the one at Jerusalem. Josephus says it was much inferior. Still, such a temple was constructed, with priests and a service the same as the Jews were accustomed to. The place was known previously as Leontopolis, and a temple had stood there, and a palace of Rameses III. existed at it, all of which was in ruins when Onias constructed his temple, which also is now gone, and nothing but mounds are left to mark the spot. Onias in his letter to Ptolemy quoted in favor of his proposals the prophecy in Isaiah xix., 19: 'In that day shall there be an altar in the midst of the land of Egypt, and a pillar at the border thereof to the Lord.' These words are acknowledged Ptolemy and Cleopatra as being the inducement which caused them to make the grant. This temple attracted Jews, and there were other cities in the district where they predominated, but little is known regarding them."

—A Buffalo gentleman waiting for a train at Aylmer, Ont., saw a woman slip upon something and nearly fall. He hurried to assist her and helped her to rise, and as he did so she dropped a valise that proved to be his own, which he had left in the depot a few minutes before, and which she was attempting to steal.

Sincerity and "Sham."

Shall one who has neither the delights nor the cares of a "home;" who owns neither the dignity nor suffers the "torments" of a housekeeper, venture to tell industrious and tasteful women that their "lovely" pillow-shams are not æsthetic; not, in the words of another, "to be tolerated in the face of devotion to art;" or, even in appreciation of the first principles of art, sincere love of the beautiful and the expression of that which is true as well as its adornment! And may she predict that both custom and sincerity will—as it *should*—abolish, veto and lay them away for future explorers of garrets, chests or secret drawers, to find as trophies of antiquity—relics, not of genuine elegance in earlier times, but—let me spare some possessors of lovely eyes and pretty fingers, and be forgiven with the confession that made by the writer, "pillow-shams" were never fully appreciated. Is it a wonder then that she now glories in certain indications that they are to be affixed no longer by sovereign Fashion?

Indeed, these fluted and often snowy *nothings* have caused volumes of misery—all told of weariness, impatience, envy and accriminating words. Only ask a few women of good memories who have "boarded around" by Fate's relentless fiat, only question a few truthful servants, if you can find them; ask a few heal-wearied husbands who have in their own houses, in luckless haste, sought pillows *supposed* to be their own, momentarily forgetful of all *shams*, and testimony more than circumstantial will hasten your verdict and vindicate complaint, and lead you to join this cause of abolition.

It has been said by good authority that "Pillow-shams are essentially American." Alas! and so are many other shams; probably the word *sham* itself. In England and France the "ladies" of the best households are satisfied with lace-trimmed and embroidered linen "pillow-cases," to be satisfied with such delicate suggestions of ease and provisions of affluence or plenty; is simply to be both tasteful and honest, or in other words, not only preferring sincerity, but evincing it; not only being genuine but proving it minutely.

To employ in plainest homes white cotton covers for bed pillows, without even an edging of cheap lace, carefully ironed in orderly folds, changed oftener than once a week if they become soiled or rumpled too much, is, fashion aside, farnicer and more comfortable than to waste time with and often be vexed about "shams," that, indeed, in many a sleeping-room are daily laid, or *pinned up*, over soiled cases that would scarcely offend a cleanly eye more than do such dust-heavy, rarely-washed, often old and splintered, abominable "*shams!*" But, ornament the *cases*, we say, as much as you please, by tucked or embroidered, ruffled or laced ends, and the edges of the open end, which should be buttoned. [illegible] they will be tasteful—æsthetic and [illegible], too; only have mercy on your [illegible]and's, father's and brother's faces, [illegible] embroider the centers, nor starch [illegible] If so you do, [illegible] own face may bear the [illegible]kind; no matter for that. Some [illegible]alists think that a peaceful disposition, serenity of mind, or absence of violent mental disturbance, with some certainty ensures long life.

Reasonably adding to this among other favoring conditions a *sincerity* of motive, thought and action which is habitual, is it not plain, my gentle listeners, that the end of the pillow-sham institution, both to please art and fashion—although the census-taker may never know it—possibly may add five years to the lives of some feminine organizations?" Few of us really intend to become suicides, if so many will encourage the corset-maker. The least-loved woman, while sane, does not prefer to hasten her demise.

Then, as a disciple of the sincerely natural, the genuine in spirit, as well as the truly beautiful, I urge you to avoid, so far as possible in this world of contest, where right and wrong are so wofully intermingled, *all* delusions.

Let us remember the homely but Scriptural illustration of only making "clean the outside of the platter," and endeavor, by Divine aid, to have pure hearts and minds; then shall we be less tempted to any affectation of deceit, however harmless it may seem, or however small it may be. The Frenchman's policy of mingled hypocrisy and politeness is not to be imitated, even for the sake of being excessively polite! But, again let it be remembered, that French ladies are above employing "Pillow-shams."—*Emily Fletcher Bennett, in Rural New-Yorker.*

A Story With a Moral.

Young woman, when your lover writes and asks you to marry him, don't beat around the bush and say a lot of things that may mean anything or nothing; but if you are "willin'," say "yes," without any trimmings. Spell the word out; print it in big caps, if need be. Otherwise you may get into awful trouble and have your heart wrenched and lacerated and suffer dreadful agonies, such as a young English girl is enduring at the present moment. This foolish creature lately received a proposal of marriage from a gallant army officer, who had been devoted in his attentions for some months. Not wanting to appear too eager, she dissembled, instead of saying frankly and honestly, "Yes, of course I'll have you, and glad of the chance." She worded her acceptance in such an equivocal manner that the officer thought it was a refusal. In his anger and despair his heart evidently experienced what the novels call a rebound, and bounded into the lap of a charming widow. She was experienced and used plain language in the acceptance of the gift, after which she went over and told the first young lady of her engagement. "Why, he's engaged to me," screamed that unfortunate, and then followed a scene in which fainting and tears predominated. It is now rumored that both the ladies are about to bring suits for breach of promise as soon as the officer gets back from Egypt, whither he has fled. Perhaps he hopes to be drowned in the canal, or something, and come back to England only as a cold corpse. It seems hardly necessary to tell this sad story for the benefit of American girls, as they have a liberal education on all such matters. Some of them, indeed, it is said, cultivate the virtue of frankness to such an extent that their intentions are made known to the matrimonial object before he has declared himself. However, there may be some shy, unsophisticated creatures for whom the unhappy fate of this English girl will point a moral.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—They were eating dinner and she asked him how he liked the blanc mange. "It tastes of the chimney," he said. "Then it ought to soot you," was her answer. "I will try to swallow it," he rejoined, having the last word as usual.—*Detroit Post.*

A Corrupt Organization.

The specious plea of Congressman Russell to shake off the responsibility and odium of being a party to the robbery of the clerks employed by the Federal Government, for the benefit of the Republican party and the bosses in particular, is before the people. He admits in his letter he did consent to the first "request," but as to what "the Executive Committee" have since done he does not know, but has forwarded a protest against the second assessment. So much for one of these high-toned Massachusetts Congressmen. He does not say how much any one of his several bank accounts has been decreased by his own contribution to "the fund," whether it was two or four per cent. of his salary as Congressman, or anything whatever. Does this assessment committee, one of whom comes from Massachusetts, assess themselves? Is the President of the United States assessed? Is the acting Vice-President? Are the Judiciary of the United States? Are the Cabinet Ministers? If not, why are the clerks and subordinates, each of whom in his department is as much in degree a part of the United States Government, as are these officers? This oppression of the poor and humble, this throwing the burden of taxation on those least able to bear it, is only a part of the whole Republican policy. The doctrine of servants and masters. Under the malign policy inaugurated and continued by that party, the masses, whether clerks or citizens out of Government employ, are merely tools, subservient to and mere instruments of those in power, to be taxed, not merely for such sums as may be actually necessary for the imperative expenses of a Government economically administered, but for jobs to build up rings and favorites through whose profits from public plunder the assessment fund may be swelled. For these ends heavy taxes and high tariffs are continued year by year that a large surplus may accumulate, from which vast appropriations are made, useless offices and an army of officials yearly increased, and assessments levied all round to create a fund to buy up and demoralize the corrupt, the ignorant and unthinking, until at last liberty falls and corruption and despotism reign supreme.

They rob the Treasury to pay high salaries, that the assessed may pay larger sums, thus taking from the Treasury indirectly, what they soon will take directly, to keep the set of men in power who even in Massachusetts have stood up and own they are engaged in this business. Yet such practices have now become so common, that the public press treat these things as jokes, and hold up one of the committee, Hubbell, as the chief operator, when he is only one of an approving committee, an approving Administration, an approving party. Congressman Hubbell and Congressman Russell and the rest may be renominated and voted for by their party. They do and will probably continue to represent it. Pray, how long would this state of things continue did the Administration really protect their subordinate officers from the [illegible] are demands, not only of this committee, but from others of its chief followers?

"There's no use fooling with Billy Mahone," exclaims a clerk at Washington who has just paid fourteen per cent. of his eighteen hundred dollars salary to keep up "the grand old party" in his State under the lead of Mahone. Why? Because the aforesaid Billy has the President of the United States and his Cabinet behind him to enforce his decrees; the subordinate officials know that Mahone and the agents of Congressman Russell's committee will be sustained by the Administration in their demands. They know they must deliver their money or their official positions. Yet Mr. James G. Blaine talks of the grand record of his party and claims all that is great and good on the earth as the result of its policy, forgetting that for sixty years ere his party was, that this Republic, under the wise and prudent administrations of the Democratic party, had firmly established liberty and made this country great, prosperous and free, the refuge of the oppressed of all lands. Had made the great principle of local self-government the rule, and the supremacy of man over his accident of birth, or of wealth, or position, another leading fundamental principle. Had made the grand results of their policy and work possible, and the progress of these ideas throughout not only this continent, but also throughout the world, irresistible. Their Presidents had some other restful employment than riding fox hunts and attending polo races, and a navy which could be used for some other purpose than for yachting excursions for the Presidential and Cabinet junkets. At last the masses of the people see that this policy of waste and extravagance, this taxing through tariffs and other extortions, this free trade in labor and high taxes in everything else, is leading to a despotism meaner than any in history, and the reform wave will sweep out of power those who alone exist because of these things. That party must be at a low ebb when men like Blaine and Hubbell, Mahone and Arthur are great.—*Boston Post.*

A Bad Investment.

If there is a man in this country upon whom the Republicans, in and out of Congress, have for years expended their bitterest wrath and their fiercest denunciation, it is James R. Chalmers, of Mississippi. He has been denounced constantly by them as the contriver of the brutal massacre at Fort Pillow. His name has been used in every Republican campaign since the close of the civil war to excite the passionate resentment of Northern voters.

Mr. Chalmers recently represented in Congress the Sixth District of Mississippi, but was ousted by John R. Lynch, the present colored member. Many Democrats gave Chalmers the benefit of their doubts in sustaining his claim to the seat, while many others believed that he was not fairly elected, although he had something of a technical case. Chalmers complained loudly because the Democrats did not filibuster in order to keep him in his seat. It now appears that at the very time Chalmers was making this complaint he was preparing the way for the course he has since taken.

It is alleged that, as the result of certain negotiations with William E. Chandler, Chalmers is now a candidate for Congress in the Second District of Mississippi against the regular Democratic nominee, and is backed by the power, the prestige, and the patronage of the Administration. It is said that his father-in-law, his brother-in-law, and several of his friends have already been appointed to offices. On a small scale, he is playing the part of Mahone, and the Republicans of Mississippi are expected not only to vote for "the infamous hero of Fort Pillow," as they have been accustomed to describe Chalmers, but they will be required to give up the idea of running a straight Republican candidate of their own.

Mr. Riddleberger, the author of the repudiation scheme in Virginia, and the man who furnishes the brains and the audacity for Mahone's movement, said, in a recent speech, "We are for Arthur because he is for us." The trading politicians in Tennessee who failed to get office from the Democrats are for Arthur because he is for them. And now comes "the infamous hero of Fort Pillow," who is for Arthur because Arthur, or Chandler, is for him.

William E. Chandler is peculiarly fitted to make bargains with Chalmers and other Democrats in the South, who, having no further hopes from their own party, are quite willing to sell out to anybody that will buy. But it is a bad investment for the Administration.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Hubbellism.

It is not an uncommon thing to see in a Republican journal denunciation of Jay Arabi Hubbell for his course in levying political assessments, and here and there a Republican county convention has attacked him by name.

By reason of his capacity as Chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee, Mr. Hubbell is placed in a conspicuous position as chief of the Republican tribe of assessors, and cannot fairly complain of assaults made by journals or persons who are opposed to the iniquitous, corrupt and extortionate methods by which the Republicans raise money for campaign purposes. It is an outrage that any man or set of men can be permitted to forage for campaign supplies through the departments at Washington and in every nook and corner in the land where Federal office-holders can be found. It is demoralizing to the service, degrading to the individual who is victimized, and expensive to the public in that the necessity for looting is instrumental in keeping superfluous men in office, in maintaining many salaries at exorbitant figures, and in getting many worthless men into places to the exclusion of those who are in every respect their superiors. Those who are conscientiously opposed to the spoils system attack Hubbell as the present head of that system in the Republican party organization. The work which he does, or which is done under his authority, is belittling and degrading. It is not of a kind that a man with a political conscience would fancy. His stomach would revolt at it. Hubbell, however, does it from choice. There is no law to compel him to be at the head of the campaign looters. If he did not relish leading the raid upon the salaries of the office-holders, he could readily get out of it. He well knows that people who are not controlled by the machine regard the business as low and mean. If he, therefore, chooses to do low and mean business, he must take the consequences.

But Jay Arabi Hubbell has a right to demand that the Republican abuse of him should cease, and that the Republican party press should hasten to his vindication. He is doing nothing not [illegible] Republican practice, if not precept. Not one of the Republican papers which denounce him but would rejoice over a Republican triumph in any State election, even if notoriously bought with the plunder which Arabi and his hosts had gathered. Not one but would call it "a famous victory" if the Republicans carried a doubtful district through the "assistance" which Arabi and his committee rendered. As a party the Republican organization stands ready and willing to avail itself of anything and everything which Jay Arabi will do for it. If he failed to fill the campaign coffers he would be denounced as unworthy and inefficient. But because to fill these coffers he is zealous in his demands for blood-money, some Republicans jeer at and assail him. This treatment is eminently Republican. The party professes to be highly moral, but there is not a crime in the political calendar which it would not commit for the sake of party success, while at the same time proclaiming its own virtues. It pockets and uses the money Arabi Hubbell raises, and permits its members to point the finger of scorn at him, as if he, unaided or without the machinery of a great party at his back, could make the office-holders, laborers and scrub-women in the employ of the United States stand and deliver.

If Jay Arabi should at once resign his position as Chairman of the Republican Committee his place would at once be filled and the work of extorting money would be continued in operation at the old stand. Just as likely as not his successor would be some hypocritical Republican who now rolls his eyes and solemnly affirms there is need of Civil-Service Reform, but who, if made chief of the machine robbers, would try to surpass the record of Arabi Hubbell as a predatory chief.

There are many thousands of honest and misguided people in the country who think they are doing their whole political duty if they denounce Arabi Hubbell and his works. In doing this they simply rail at the effect without touching the cause. Hubbellism is the product of Republicanism—the ripened fruit of the "grand old party." It will survive and flourish just as long as the people nourish the party from which it springs. Let them withdraw their support from the Republican party and with the languishing of the party tree there will be an end to the Hubbell fruit.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Somewhere in Southwestern New Mexico, in the Sierra Nevada, so the story runs, there is a small valley enclosed by high, rocky walls and accessible only through a secret passage known to but few men. The valley is about ten acres in extent, is watered by a lovely stream, is adorned with exquisite flowers and is enlivened by birds of rare plumage and beautiful voice. Across the valley is a ledge of pure gold about thirty feet wide and extending far into the bowels of the earth. If you don't believe this story, you're an incredulous and unromantic wretch.—*Boston Post.*

—Lady Havelock, who recently died in England at the age of seventy-three, had shared in no common degree in the anxieties and excitement which fell to the lot of her husband, the hero of Lucknow. She was married to him in 1829 at Serampore, where Henry Havelock had made her acquaintance when on a visit to her father, the Rev. Dr. Marshman, one of the most celebrated of the Serampore missionaries.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Samuel Burkey, of Somerset, was always opposed to locking the door of his house when he went to bed. The other night a gang of burglars entered and carried off a trunk containing fifteen hundred dollars He had the satisfaction of knowing that he hadn't been further damaged by having a lock broken.—*Boston Post.*

—Shakespeare is the name of a Philadelphia lawyer whose specialty is theatrical litigation.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Children in Australia will hereafter be obliged to attend school for eight years.

—Several young ladies from Indian Territory will attend a female college in Huntsville, Ala., next season.

—There are 610 Chinamen on the rolls of the Chinese Sunday-schools in New York, and the average attendance of these reaches 381. Forty of these scholars have confessed their faith in Christ.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—There has been a decrease in the number of Presbyterian synods from thirty-eight to twenty-three. This is the result of consolidation, in which the synods have been made continuous with the States.—*Detroit Post.*

—In the educational system of Newfoundland each important religious body receives an amount of money from the Government proportionate to its numbers. Separate boards of education in each district, and school inspectors appointed by the Government respectively from the Church of England, Methodists and Roman Catholics, emphasize this difference in faith.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—At the annual meeting of the Blue Ribbon Gospel Temperance Society, held recently in London, it was stated that since the society had been organized 470,000 pledge cards had been sent from the headquarters to different parts of the country. It was predicted that the time was at hand when the drinking of spirituous liquors would cease in the United Kingdom.

—Last April Mrs. Mary F. Henderson, of St. Louis, offered a prize to the pupils of Kirkwood Seminary for the best essay on "Common Sense About Women." The essays were sent in without names, and Mrs. Henderson was the judge. The girl who won the prize proved to be a Cherokee Indian, who has since graduated and gone home to the Territory to live.

—The London *Pall-Mall Gazette* says: "Mr. Moody, the American evangelist, has closed his visit to Scotland. In his last address, which was delivered at Dumfries, he intimated that this would be his last visit to Scotland. He now proceeds to the Continent, and after spending some time there, will pay a lengthened visit to England. On the completion of his English programme, he will return to America, where he intends to remain the rest of his life. On this occasion his visit to Scotland has extended over nine months."

—An interesting meeting took place at the Old Park Street Church, Boston, on a recent afternoon, to bid farewell to thirteen missionaries, who were soon to sail for their respective destinations. For China—Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Tenney, and Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Atwood, to Shan-See; Miss Alice B. Harris, to Foo-Chow, and Henry P. Perkins, to Tien-Tsin. For Bulgaria—Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Sleeper, to Shamokov, and Miss E. L. Spooner, to Monastir. For Mexico—The Rev. James D. Eaton, to Chihuahua, and Mr. and Mrs. John Howland and Miss Belle M. Haskins, to Guadalajara.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A Woodbury woman accidentally swallowed some arsenic that had been got to destroy ants. As she was not an aunt she was not destroyed.—*Danbury News.*

—A Missouri book agent piled ties across the railroad track, ran ahead and "saved" a passenger train, and took one hundred and twenty orders from the grateful passengers without change of countenance.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A book of three hundred and fifty pages has been written to prove that sharks do not eat human beings. The author of the work has declined an offer of $1,000 to jump into the harbor at Key West and settle the dispute.

—Canada people want free United States peaches. They say the duty compels them to pay two prices. Whist, neighbors! We have to pay three prices this side the line, where there is no duty.—*Lowell Courier.*

—Archibald Forbes, the English war correspondent, is to get $5,000 for his proposed work on the United States. We had no idea the United States needed repairs so bad that the work on them would cost $5,000.—*Texas Siftings.*

—Jenny June in one of her fashion letters says that leather as applied to jackets is not quite new. Jinks says he should say not! He well remembers the day when he considered an application of leather to his jacket as something so altogether old as to be no longer novel, and longed for the day when it would be no longer fashionable.—*Detroit Post.*

—A Chicago man, too lazy to work, too proud to go to the poor-house and too honest to steal, determined to commit some genteel offense which would give him free board and lodging in prison without leaving a stain upon his reputation. He therefore started out and began kissing all the girls he met. Before he could find one who would order his arrest he starved to death.—*Philadelphia News.*

—Once upon a time a Frenchman named De Tonnant, wishing to gain the support of a most influential old Patagonian chief, bestowed on the savage a worn-out grand piano which he had bought for sixteen dollars. Contrary to expectations, there was not an uprising of the people and an insurrection the day after the chief received his present. The old Patagonian was not a cruel, bloodthirsty monster. Instead of playing "Over the Garden Wall" and other classical music on the piano, he removed its intestines and used it as a bedstead.—*Norristown Herald.*

How to Stop a Dog-Fight.

Every appliance which a fertile imagination could suggest has been employed in the uncongenial task of separating fighting dogs whose blood was up. A few years ago there was a man who went about declaring that a sudden deluge of cold water would invariable produce the desired result, until one day he saw two dogs which, in the heat of battle, were unconscious of all about them, fall off a bridge into a river forty feet below, and, still clinched, sink and rise, sink and rise, until one of them floated down stream dead and the other crawled out upon the bank. Oliver Wendell Holmes has put it on record that

The mongrel's hold will slip,
But only crowbars loose the bulldog's grip.

In the face of this decision of the autocrat, a Massachusetts man boldly declares that no dog, however brutal by nature or inflamed by passion, can keep on fighting after a handful of yellow snuff has been thrown into his face. The logic of the situation, he would probably say, is that after the application of snuff the dog must either sneeze or burst; no dog can sneeze and fight at the same, and it is certain that no dog can burst and fight at the same time. The Massachusetts man speaks with confidence, and it would be a pleasure to see him administer the snuff.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE HICKMAN COURIER.

HICKMAN, : : KENTUCKY.

OSCULATION.

A NANTASKET IDYL.

Where the summer breezes mingle
 Perfumes with the laden air,
And the honeysuckle blossoms
 Spread their fragrance everywhere,
Just within the broad veranda,
 In a shady, cool retreat,
Lay our hero, Dick, reclining,
 Ennuied, o'ercome with heat.

Hark! a step upon the carpet.
 "Coming here? By Jove, it's Lu!
Happy thought! I'll feign a slumber,
 Just to see what she will do."
And his eyelids then descended
 O'er his laughing hazel eyes,
And with blissful expectation
 There he waited for the prize.

Nearer, nearer came the footsteps,
 Lightly as a fairy's tend,
While within his wicked ambush
 Richard waited for the end.
Softly they approached the sofa—
 Surely he it is they seek—
And, surprised and joyed, he felt a
 Timid kiss upon his cheek!

Thrilled with fond imagination,
 Up he sprang with ardor then,
And with love's own burning passion
 Clasped—his faithful pointer, Ben!
Clasped him with delicious triumph,
 Pressed him fondly to his breast,
Then, with madness gazed upon him—
 Well, we'll omit the rest!

—*George W. Hills, in Boston Gazette.*

HOBSON'S CHOICE.

"The fact of it is, Joseph," Aunt Phemy Smith was saying, her knitting-needles poised in air, "you'd ought to get married. Girls are all very well, but they can't provide for a man like a wife, and, besides, Phemy can't stay with you always. Philander Dunn is nigh about tired waiting for her now, and it ain't right to keep young folks apart so. You'd ought to be married."

Uncle Joe Badger tipped his chair back to a more comfortable angle, and looked abstractedly at his boots. He was tall and lank, and not at all good-looking; but very few people were that in West Canton, and as owner of the Badger farm, he felt able to dispense with other claims to regard. Besides, good looks belonged to young people, and Uncle Joe did not deny his half-century of experience.

"Well," he said, slowly, "I s'pose you're about right, Phemy." He sighed as he spoke, but it was not all in memory of the wife of his youth. Partly also the difficulties involved in the choice of her successor depressed his soul. He was a shy man and he dreaded the needful preliminaries.

"You've waited a proper time," Aunt Phemy went on, answering that half of the sigh which referred to her sister; "and I'd be the last one to want you to marry in unbecomin' haste. Hetty was a good wife, and it ain't likely you can find her match in Canton. She was jest the chipperest woman about a house I 'most ever see, an' she'd be the last person to want you unhappy for lack of some one in her place."

"Well, that's so," Uncle Joe assented, with a shade more animation; an' I remember now, jest about a week before she died, she said suthin' like that. But I didn't see no call to take it serious then." He sighed again, looking out from the broad porch where they sat, past the wheat-field and woodland to the deserted grave yard on the hill. Even at that distance one could see the glimmer of the white stones in the sunshine.

"Did she speak of any one in particular?" Aunt Phemy asked. "She was always fond of Cynthy Bascom, I know. She told me once she thought Cynthy'd make such a good step-mother."

"There's no call to talk of a step-mother," Uncle Joe returned, "with Harriet an' Josephine settled in homes of their own out West, and Phemy all ready to be married."

Evidently his fancy was not caught by Cynthy Bascom's virtues. Aunt Phemy saw it and veered at once. "Well, that's true enough an' if Cynth is smart she's not much to speak of in looks. Now there's the widder Hood; she's full as spry, an' she's fine-appearin'."

"But she's got children."

"Only one to home. Dan provides for himself now, an' they'd never be no expense to you, for they've got money comin' from their grandfather."

"I don't b'lieve, Hetty'd like a widder," Uncle Joe said, falling back now, as in her life, behind her apron. "She was always sot aginst widders marryin' agin, leastways if they had children."

"Well, there's Corneely Bugbee; she's suitable for age, turned forty, I know, an' a master-hand to work. She'd manage the farm for you an' take care of you ef you got down with rheumatiz agin. An' you know the doctor said you was liable to another attack any time. It's your dooty to think of that, Joseph."

"Yes, but Corneely, now—ain't she ruther—sor er—old—and domineering, so to speak?" ventured Uncle Joe, meekly.

"There's Jane Hotchkiss, but she's sort o' shiftless; never gits her washin' out before noon. An' Diodeny Barnes, she's too young."

"Why, I dunno," answered the other, doubtfully. "She must be nigh on to thirty-seven or so ain't she?"

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if she was," his adviser remarked, after a minute's pause to think the matter over. "But she ain't very healthy. Now let me see."

For in truth the field was narrowing. West Canton was full of spinsters and widows, and Joseph Badger could certainly pick and choose. But even he could not be too critical. Aunt Phemy saw the need of a little diplomacy, and took her cue from his last remark.

"There's Maria Stone. If you want some one younger. Or Abby Stebbins, though I'm free to confess she'd never be my choice."

"Now, I always thought well of Abby, and so did Hetty. She said once she thought she'd be happier if she had a husband. An' Maria's took good care of her old father, you know."

"Well," answered Aunt Phemy, "it ain't a wife for me I'm a selectin', an' if you fancy Maria or Abby, it's your own business. But I hope you'll make up your mind right off, Joseph. Widowers ain't expected to shilly-shally. Everybody knows what they're after the first time they come, an' you might as well say it straight out. Jest git yourself ready come Sunday night, an' go see one of 'em, an' have it off your mind. It's between harvest and threshin'. You couldn't have a better time."

But from this awful proposal Uncle Joe recoiled. He was willing to marry if his sister-in-law thought best; but he took such alarm at the mention of the needful steps toward it that at last, in sheer pity, Aunt Phemy volunteered to see the elect lady, and sound the matter for him. In consideration of that favor, Uncle Joe left the selection pretty much to her.

"Jest which you think best, Phemy," he repeated, anxiously, as he rose to go. "I dunno as I've a mite o' choice myself."

But Aunt Phemy had, and when next day she put on her sun-bonnet, took her knitting and dropped in for a friendly call on Miss Maria Stone, it was with a peculiar purpose. It was a plain indication of Providence, to her mind, that the Stone wood-lot adjoined the Badger farm, since Uncle Joe's own "piece of timber" was nearly cut away. Her father was old and partly helpless from a stroke of paralysis. There were but the two daughters, and nothing seemed easier than that Prudence, the younger, should take her sister's place when Maria went to a home of her own. And Maria was a famous manager. She could run both homesteads if she chose; and Mrs. Smith, benevolently arranging the affair, felt quite sure in her own mind that she would.

Miss Maria was tall, angular, homely. It would not have seemed wildly uncharitable to suppose these the reasons why at the ripe age of forty-two she was still unmarried. But the lady herself always remarked, significantly, when approached on on the subject, that every woman had her chances, and the lucky ones were those that never had cause to regret them—a Pythian utterance which always silenced inquiry. She received Aunt Phemy as cordially as the reserved fashions of the house permitted, and good Mrs. Smith thought this a favorable omen.

"I was sayin' only yesterday to father what a time it was sence we'd had a visit from you. Now just set down and take off your things, and spend the afternoon. Father 'll be so pleased to see you! Shut up as we've been the last three months it does one a sight o' good to see some company."

"Why, I dunno," Aunt Phemy hesitated, modestly. "I only jest dropped in; but sence you're so urgent—No, no, I'll jest drop my bonnet off here" (resisting Miss Maria's attempt to take it). "He's gone to mill to-day, an' the' wa'n't nobody but the cat to hum. It seemed sort o' lonesome, an' set me thinkin' of you. It's been a long spell sence I see you. An' how is your father? He don't git over his stroke, I hear."

"O, he's a good deal better of it. He sets up 'most all day now, and he gets out about the farm some. He's down in the south lot now with Prudy, but he'll be back soon. He likes to keep an eye on things himself."

"Well, you do hev your hands about full, don't you, Miss Stone?" began Mrs. Smith, who, considering the absence of the others a favorable dispensation of Providence, rather hurried to her mission. "The folks wouldn't know what to do without you. But it's a little confinin', to my thinkin,' for a woman like you. Ye'd ought to git out more. I scurce ever see you to meetin', an' you don't know what you lose. Parson Bellows give us a powerful sermon last Sunday."

"No, I can't git out much," Miss Maria answered, and Aunt Phemy fancied a little sadness in her look and tone. "Father seems to need me 'most all the time, and there's a good deal to see to about the farm. Joel is honest and faithful, but he hain't much head, and of course, being the oldest, I take most of the care of things."

"Now I should think," ventured Aunt Phemy, "Prue an' you'd take turns seein' to things an' takin' care o' your father. You could git out more then, an' it 'ud sort o' divide equal—cares an' pleasures, as the hymn-book says. If you was to git married, now, what would they do?"

"Well, I don't know as I'm thinking of marrying," returned Miss Maria, modestly; but her color deepened a shade, and Mrs. Smith saw it.

"Dearme, no! But none of us can tell, you see, what may be a-comin' round to us. I was jest a-thinkin'—'twas that made me speak so—of my niece Phemy. You know she's calculating to marry Philander Dunn in the fall and what poor Joseph will do when she leaves passes me. He's such a soft-spoken man, a housekeeper would run right over him, even if he could get one in West Canton, which ain't no ways likely. And a housekeeper's a poor substitute for a wife—don't you think so, Miss Stone?"

Aunt Phemy, as she took up a stitch, stole a glance over her needles at her auditor, who sat stiffly before her. She understood, of course, and surely that deepening flush in her sallow cheek was a sign of encouragement. Privately the good woman had always doubted Miss Maria's oracular utterances on the marriage question. She could not imagine a sensible woman declining a good offer, and since Miss Maria was that, and this plainly—as the advertisements would say—"a superior opportunity," she did not doubt as to her answer.

"I was a-tellin' him only the other day," she went on, plaintively, hitching her chair a little nearer Miss Maria, "that he'd ought to be thinkin' of it seriously. Hetty's the last one to want him to stay a widower always, and Phemy she's set her heart on bein' married come September. Her father's got everything of the best for her; he always was a good provider. Hetty, now, she was a master-hand for fine linen an' chany, an' the house is full of it."

"I'm sure I've always heard Mr. Badger well spoken of," rejoined Miss Maria, stiffly; but she kept her eyes on her knitting.

"Whatever you've heard, it's no more than he deserves. He's just the best-dispositioned man—always willing to put up with a cold bite when Hetty had extra work, an' get in' her every last thing she wanted for the house. The parlor sofy was got jest the year before she died, an' she took the best there was in the store. He never spared no expense to please her."

"I am glad to hear she was so well off," said Miss Maria, dryly, as Aunt Phemy paused to take breath.

"Well you may so; but not so well off as the next one 'll be. Hetty had her hard times when they was first married. They had to scrape along 'most any way some few years then. That's one good thing, I always say, about marryin' late in life. If you marry young, Miss Maria, you do have a good deal to go through. There's trials and tribulations in every state, as the good book says, an' 'tain't the worst luck to keep single till you can really better yourself."

Miss Maria shut her lips and turned her head from Aunt Phemy, as if she might make a good many answers to that remark if she chose; but her visitor did not notice it. She was carried quite away now by her own eloquence, and she did not doubt that the spinster's silence meant consent. "And as I was sayin', I was tellin' him only the other night he'd ought to git married, an' says I: 'There's plenty to choose from in Canton.' An' he answered me—you'd ought to heard him—'Phemy, the' ain't but one woman in Canton that can take Hetty's place.' An' I knew right o' who he meant," she went on, beaming on her hearer in an unmistakable manner; "but he's so shy he can't bear to speak."

"If you mean me," Miss Maria said, clearing her throat, "I'm much obliged, but I couldn't think of leaving father."

"Why, there's Prudence."

"Prudy's far too young and flighty," answered the spinster, to whom—herself past the danger-point of forty—her sister, five years younger, seemed still a girl. "I couldn't think of putting such a care on her. But there's plenty more in Canton, as you just said," she added, with a faintly ironical emphasis "I make no doubt some of them would be glad of the chance."

But Aunt Phemy was too dazed to answer. Was her brother-in-law, Joseph Badger, being refused? She could not believe her ears. And just then old Mr. Stone came hobbling up the path, supported by a cane and his younger daughter. Miss Maria ran to him at once, and supplanting Prudence, guided him to a chair. She was occupied with him long enough for her visitor to recover, and perhaps she needed the time to regain her own composure. When she turned again to Aunt Phemy the color was gone from her cheeks, and her manner was quite as usual. But Mrs. Smith did not stay to tea. Her visit came to an end as soon as politeness would permit, and she left the house a wiser if not a sadder woman. But she had recovered her spirits by the next morning. "Perhaps it's for the best, after all," she said to herself. "Maria's capable, but I've always heard she had a temper, and Joseph 'd rather have Abby Stebbins. She's younger, and she's pretty-appearin', an' they's no danger but she'll be glad of the chance. Goin' about sewin' is a miserable life anyway."

In fact, Aunt Phemy felt her second mission one of peculiar benevolence, and though, warned by her previous experience, she set about it with more caution, and men[t]ioned no names until she was obliged, she felt very sure of her prize this time. But the rosy little seamstress, who had only her fingers, and her trifle in the bank against the day when those fingers failed her, proved no more tractable than Miss Maria. She declined to be pitied on her desolate condition; she only laughed when Aunt Phemy spoke of the advantages of a good home and a provision for the future.

"You're very kind, I'm sure, Mrs. Smith; but I see no reason to change my state. I'm satisfied to depend on myself, other folks needn't worry over me. I know I'm sick sometimes, and I can't always count on the work; but I do pretty well, considering. As for a home, I could go to Jane's any day, and welcome."

"But that ain't all the same," cried Aunt Phemy; "an' of course you don't want to go to your sister's, with her seven children and a sickly husband. I always did say that for so smart a girl as Jane was she had poor luck marrying. But that needn't set you all against it; and it's clear flyin' in the face of Providence to refuse a real good home now. You'd better take a little time to think it over. I suppose it's a mite surprisin' to you may be."

"I don't need no time to think," retorted Miss Abby, grimly. "I'm not obliged to marry for a home; and if I wanted to, I needn't have waited till this time, thank you."

"Well, I dunno what the world is comin' to," groaned Aunt Phemy, as she walked home, "when women won't marry a man like Joseph Badger. It's all these new notions about its bein' so fine to be independent; but I did think Abbey Stebbins had more sense. There's one comfort, she won't tell of it. I wish I could be as sure of Maria. I declare to goodness I b'lieve I'll tell Joseph he must git a wife for himself. I didn't count on its bein' any such work."

She wiped the sweat from her brow as she spoke. The road was dusty, the day was hot, and her office was proving burdensome. And just then, at a turn of the country way, she came on a trim little cottage. "I declare, I'm e'en a most tuckered out," she panted. "I'll jest go in an' see the widder Holmes a spell, an' git rested. She'd be a good one for Joseph if he wa'n't sot aginst widders. But there, I ain't a goin' to ask any more folks to have him jest yet."

The widow Holmes was slight, pale, with a pathetic remnant of lost beauty in her faded cheeks. She had been left alone in the world five years before, with only this little home between her and starvation; but by stitching in winter, and city boarders in summer, she pieced out a narrow living for herself and her only child. The little house now was full to overflowing, and she came to the door hot and flushed from the kitchen. But her greeting was as cordial as heart could wish. "Why, I'm real glad to see you, Mrs. Smith. Do come right in. I've had to give the parlor up to a boarder; but there's no one in this room, and you look all beat out with the heat."

"Well, I am considerable tired," admitted Mrs Smith, as she sank into the old-fashioned rocker the widow brought forward, and took a great turkey-feather fan from her hand. "I'd no idee it 'twas so hot, or I wouldn't 'a come out. But now I'm afraid I'm disturbin' you. You was doin' suthin' out in the kitchen, wa'n't you?" She glanced as she spoke through the open door into the little lean-to that served at once as dining-room and kitchen. The sitting-room was cool and pleasant, and though small and poorly furnished, was in perfect order. She had seen that as she took her seat, and her respect for the widow rose as she noted the same spotless neatness in the room beyond. "Can't I jest go right out where you are? You're puttin' up fruit, I s'pose?"

"I'm just through," answered the widow, obeying the hint by leading the way out. "There it is; a bushel of blackberries and not a berry lost, if I did do it. And I want you to see the apple jelly I made yesterday. Not that it's any better than other folks' may be, but I had uncommon luck, I thought."

"Well, now, that is beautiful, beautiful Mis' Holmes," said Aunt Phemy, regarding with high approval the row of glasses in the window, and the cans of fruit beside them. "You've had good luck, I should say. I calculate I'm a pretty good hand at jelly, but this beats me. Is it half and half?"

"Only thirds. I can't afford halves for boarders," she added, with a tired little laugh.

"Why, it's good enough for the fair," Aunt Phemy added, after she had tasted. "You'd ought to send it, Mis' Holmes, and git a prize."

"It will be all gone by fair time," answered the widow. "My boarders are going to stay through October this year, they say, and they're all so fond of my jelly."

"Well, you have your hands full," Aunt Phemy said, as they went back to the cool sitting-room. "Ain't it pretty tough work to manage all alone? I've heard city folks were so uppish an' hard to suit."

"Mine are pleasant enough this year," answered the widow; "and if they wasn't—well, you know, Mrs. Smith a woman can't afford to quarrel with her bread and butter. I'm thankful to have health and strength to do all that's asked of me."

"An' that's a good deal I make no doubt," answered the other, sympathetically; "but you do do wonderful, Mis' Holmes. We was a-speakin' of it only the other day, an' I was sayin' to brother Joseph, what a smart woman you was to turn off work."

The widow laughed—a forlorn little laugh, sadder than tears. She had had a hard struggle these years to get a living and pay off the small mortgage on her home. She was like many another of her type, slight but wiry, frail but tenacious, and she had carried heavier burdens than people knew, being much too proud to tell her neighbors her troubles. "The Lord helps them that help themselves, you know," she said.

"Yes, that is a comfortin' thought," Aunt Phemy said, heaving that pious sigh with which some persons always refer to the Deity, "an' no doubt you've found it true. But you deserve a turn of luck, Mis' Holmes. Now, if you was to think of marryin' agin? Of course it's a solemn matter. I dunno as I ever could make up my mind to it if 'Lias was to leave me; but there! you're young an' pretty yet, an' of course you could have chances if you was disposed to consider them." Mrs. Smith was growing diplomatic, and though, inspired by all the signs of "cleverness" she saw about her, she felt sure that here was just the one for Joseph, she moved to her object with caution. But a dark flush rose to the widow's pale cheek at her words. Her married life had been singularly happy, and her husband was the one love of her life.

"I should have to forget a good deal before I could think of marrying again, Mrs. Smith," she said, with simple dignity, "and I don't think that any worldly prosperity would make up for what I'd lose. I'm thankful there's no need of it either. The mortgage is paid now, and next year I'm thinking of putting a little addition to the house. I had more people offer this year than I could take, and you know a thing like this always grows. It's hard work, but I don't mind that, and no one shall ever say John Holmes' widow forgot him for another man. There's widows, and there's widows, indeed, you know, in Scripture, and I hope I'm one of the last. And then, you see, I have my Matie, and she's growing to be such a comfort to me. She's her father all over."

Mrs. Smith congratulated herself, as she changed the conversation, that she had held her peace. And yet as, a half hour later, refreshed by a glass of milk and a piece of pound-cake, she left Widow Holmes', she was like the Queen of Sheba in one thing: there was no spirit left in her. Nothing but the reflection that if she gave it up, that would be the end of it all, urged her to persevere. She was sure that, left to himself, Joe would never find a wife, and she was benevolently determined to give the farm a mistress and her brother-in-law a housekeeper before winter storms threatened him with another attack of rheumatism. She remembered only too well the last one, and the cares it had laid upon her. But it took her a couple of days to recover her spirits, and it was her husband who started her on a fresh quest.

"I declare," she had said to him, in vague confession of her perplexity, "it seems as if when you didn't want them old maids and widders were as thick as blackberries, an' to be had for the askin'; an' then, when you do want them, they can't be had no way."

"If you're thinking of Joseph," answered Elias, deliberately, "why wouldn't Priscilla Watrous, over in East Canton, be the right one for him? She's a widder, but she hain't got any children, and she's young and good-looking, so to speak. And she is forehanded too, and none so comfortable to hum with her younger sisters but what she'd be glad of a change."

"Why, she's the very one!" cried Mrs. Smith. "An' an old friend of Hetty's eldest, too, an' she's visited there time an' time again, an' was a prime favorite with all of them. I shall jest have you hitch up an' drive me over there to-morrow, 'Lias. I don't let grass grow under my feet when I've got an idee. An' if he gits her," she added, devoutly "I shall think it a clear providence that the others didn't want him. She's worth the whole lot of them."

Alas for Aunt Phemy's hopes! When next day she alighted at 'Squire Watrous' door, her welcome was cordial, but there was an air of mystery about the house that struck her at once. Conversation flagged, because Mrs. Priscilla's mind was so evidently absorbed in something greater than the prospects of the corn crop and the general prevalence of measles among the children of East Canton.

"Has anything happened to you?" asked Aunt Phemy, after desperate attempts to fathom the matter by hint and suggestion.

"No—that is—nothing—so particular—has happened"—with a curious inflection.

"Well, is somethin' goin' to, then?" persisted Mrs. Smith. "You look queer, Prissy. I should a'most think there was a weddin' comin' off; an' I remember now, I did hear Caleb Walsh was payin' attention to Jennie. Well, there now"—as the fluctuating color on Priscilla's cheek betrayed her—"you don't really mean that you—that you——"

But Mrs. Priscella did, and before Mrs. Smith went away she had seen the wedding dress and heard full particulars. "Yes, it's a little sudden," the expectant bride said, "but you know when a bachelor makes up his mind he's usually in a hurry. It's about as bad as a widower."

Mrs. Smith groaned in spirit as she climbed into the seat beside her husband for the ride home. "Maybe we'd better go round by Joseph's," she suggested in a depressed way to him. "I'd like to see how they're gettin' along."

It had been but a week since Mr. Joseph's visit, but so much had happened to Aunt Phemy in that time that it seemed to her much longer. Pretty Phemy ran out to meet them as they drove up. "You're coming in, of course, auntie. It's been such a while since you were here, and I've so much to tell you! And I want you to see the churning I did to-day. Father says I'm getting to be a famous housewife, and I am proud—just a little, you know—of his butter."

"But where is your father?" Aunt Phemy asked; for at that twilight hour Uncle Joe was usually stretched at ease in a chair on the back porch.

"O, he's just stepped down through the orchard a minute. He'll be back soon. Guess how many pounds I had, now," she added, leading the way to the dairy. And with discussions of butter, a new recipe for jelly, the last honey, and the yield of Phemy's pet cow, a half-hour and more went by before Aunt Phemy knew it. Her husband had stepped down to the orchard bars, and was holding counsel with Uncle Joe's hired man, so that the two had the house to themselves.

"But where is Joseph?" Aunt Phemy asked again, as at last they went back to the sitting-room. "Seems to me he ain't usually in the habit of going off at this time of night," she added, regarding the tall clock, whose hands pointed to a quarter past eight. "Your uncle an' me must be gittin' home. It's dark a'ready."

"I wish you wouldn't go just yet, auntie," coaxed Phemy. "There's a new moon, and 'twon't make any matter if you ain't home till nine. Father 'll come soon, I know, and before he gets here I want to show you my new polonay."

So another half hour went by, and then Aunt Phemy, starting up, repeated her question with more emphasis: "Where in creation is Joseph!"

But even as she spoke at the gate at the end of the lane opened, and a minute later Uncle Joe came up to the porch where his sister-in-law stood waiting for him. But as he drew near she saw with a kind of stupefaction that he wore his Sunday best, and had the sheepish air of a bashful man caught in something agreeable but slightly improper.

"Well, I wouldn't have believed my eyes!" cried Aunt Phemy. "I declare to gracious if you haven't been a-courtin' Joseph Badger! I only hope you've had better luck than me. If ever I try again to get a wife for a man, I shall be clean daft."

"I—I'm sorry you took so much trouble, Phemy," Joseph said, helplessly. "I didn't mean to put you out; and, come to think of it that night, it seemed more befittin' that I should try myself. I was a-comin' to tell you to-morrow that 'twas all settled. You see, I thought of jest the right one that same night. I come home an' found her here chattin' with Phemy, an' it come over me like a flash that she was the very one. You may think her pretty young, but her mother's comin' right in to help, and Ann's got an old head on her shoulders."

"You don't mean—you can't mean that chit of a girl, Ann Barnum? Well, I never! I never! She's scarce a year older than Phemy, an' not a cent to bless herself with, an' her mother to support! Well, you have done well, Joseph Badger!"

"She's a good girl, an' I like her," answered Uncle Joe, holding up his head as his sister-in-law had not seen him for many a day. "And Hetty always did, too. I don't know why I never thought of it before, for I've said often I wished I could help her some way. She's had a hard row to hoe the last two years; an' as for her age, that's my lookout. I dare say I could have had any woman in Canton, but——"

"As fur as my experience goes," Aunt Phemy interrupted, tartly, "you couldn't 'a had no such thing. But that's always the way it goes with widowers; they think they can pick an' choose from all creation. Well, you might have gone further an' fared worse; for she's a good girl, if she is young and pretty. And anyway none of the others would ha' had you. It's Hobson's choice."—*Emily F. Wheeler, in Harper's Bazar.*

A Remarkable Huckleberry Party.

A family huckleberry party in Canterbury, Conn., started from the residence of Joseph Mills the other day and consisted of seventeen persons, among whom could be found the following relationship: One great-grandmother, two grandmothers, four mothers, eight daughters, five sons, twelve grandchildren, ten great-grandchildren, one father, two aunts, and twelve cousins. All comprising the party were of direct descent from the great-grandmother, with the exception of the father and two of the ladies, one of whom, however, contributed her mite to add to the number of the party. On this occasion there were also assembled in the house four persons whose united age was 310 years, neither of whom participated in the field.—*Hartford Courant.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—The New York *Herald* says those who remember the remarkably cold summers from 1811 to 1817 were not without reason for fearing, in the earlier part of this season, that it should be a repetition of these seasons. Luckily there were not many people over eighty years of age to be harassed by these apprehensions.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—For warts on animals, J. B. Mathews gives the following: Take a small quantity of arsenic, and a good sized piece of twine, dissolve the arsenic in water, soak the twine in the solution, then tie around the neck of the wart. It will come off in a week, root and branch. Have succeeded in it when all other remedies failed.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—Rats in Granaries: A correspondent of the *Journal d' Agriculture Progressive* suggests a method of getting rid of these pests that has the advantage of having been most successful in his own case. It is to fill their holes with chloride of lime and oxalic acid, when a violent disengagement of chlorine takes place, their holes are filled with gas and they are suffocated.

—The test as to whether a young tree is making sufficient growth or not is made by examining its new shoots. If these grow twelve to fifteen inches annually, neither manure nor additional culture is probably needed. If less than this length of new wood is grown, something is needed to stimulate the growth and increase the vigor of the tree.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—A pretty way to cover a hair cushion is to knit stripes of zephyr worsted or of yarn in different colors. Suppose you have three stripes, one of red, one of blue, and the third of black, knit them together, put them over the cushion, and at each corner fasten a scarlet bow, or, instead of bows at the four corners, a cord and balls made of worsted look very pretty at the two front corners. This cushion has a soft, warm look which is appreciated in winter.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Preserved Quinces: Quinces get black if allowed to stand; pare them and quarter them quickly; I remove the seeds, as it makes the sirup in boiling pasty; I use hot water to put them in when they are to be boiled; when they are boiled tender, take them out and drain them; make a sirup with three pounds of sugar to a pint of water; replace the pieces of quince into the sirup and cook very carefully; take out the pieces and put in jars, and then add sirup.—*St. Louis Globe.*

—Most persons, no doubt, have seen hogs eating hay during the winter months, in but small quantities, it is true, but still eating it. If clover is cut when in fullest bloom, well cured and stored away, the hay becomes a valuable food for hogs, especially when fed but little else than corn. To utilize it, cut it in a cutting box, a half to three-fourths of an inch long, mixed with bran, shorts or cornmeal, and moisten it with swill, or even water; if made scalding hot the better. Then let it stand for a few hours before feeding it out. Any of the grasses, if cut in bloom and made into hay, will answer a good purpose, but clover is preferable. Besides being valuable as food, hay thus fed is a preventive of disease in hogs full fed on corn.—*Chicago Journal.*

Sowing Wheat.

A perfect wheat soil, as has been repeatedly stated on this page, must contain lime, potash, phosphate and nitrogen in their various combinations with other mineral elements, and in due proportions, and at the same time be sufficiently porous to permit water to pass down readily and leave the surface d[ry] and firm. Lime soils are esp[ecially] adapted to wheat. Sandy and gra[velly] soils by liberal manuring can be made productive, and no means perhaps are more effective than clover and plaster or gypsum.

Soils that yield good clover crops will yield good wheat crops, and a clover sod is one of the best natural preparations for wheat. Not a few cultivators seed corn ground to wheat. Some sow wheat among the standing corn, but this is not largely practised, as it leaves the surface of the land in bad order. Others cut up the corn and plow and sow wheat. The lateness of this operation is an objection in many sections. Other cultivators select an oat field or fallow land. There is a great diversity of opinion in regard to sowing wheat after barley or oats. Many successful farmers do it; while, on the other hand, many consider the practice a careless one and unworthy of good husbandry.

The relative merits of drill and broadcast sowing of wheat are discussed every season. The area seeded with the drill, according to recent reports, amounts to fifty-seven per cent. in the wheat-growing States. Where the soil is in good condition and free from obstructions in the way of rocks and stumps, the preference is almost invariably for drilling. Among the advantages claimed for drilling are saving of seed and placing the fertilizer in closer proximity to the seed. A great argument in favor of drilling is that it must be preceded by thorough culture. Many farmers roll their land just before the drill to solidify the surface, while the soil is left loose underneath.

Clover and field-peas are accepted as among the cheapest and best renovators of the soil and produce excellent results, especially in thin soils. The application of lime increases the yield of any of the grain crops and is beyond question beneficial to wheat, but will exhaust the land if persevered in without rotation. After wheat is sown lime is often advantageously used as a top dressing when mixed with ashes, muck, etc. Where the use of fertilizers is confined to the practice of spreading them over the ground and plowing in, or scattering over the surface and harrowing in previous to sowing the seed, the operation of fertilizing is confined to stated periods of the year. But where the practice is adopted of surface manuring after germination and growth has been made, the work of manuring may go on from fall until spring, and in that way the winter accumulation of manure be used. In no case is it well to spread manure heavily enough to induce rank growth and thus endanger the crop by lodging or rust. In applying ground bone and the superphosphites on wheat it is generally sown broadcast.

Better drainage and better tillage are each year being given by professional wheat cultivators, who have also discovered that there is a happy medium between very thick and very thin seeding.—*N. Y. World.*

Some Industrial Statistics.

The Fall River mills turn out 1,500 bed-quilts a day, and the Holliston, Mass., mills 1,350 pairs of blankets a week. Seventy mills in the South now work up yearly 200,000 tons of cotton-seed, making 7,000,000 gallons of oil, worth $28,000,000. The cotton mills of the North yield an average profit of seven per cent., while eighteen per cent. is realized in those of the South. The largest belt ever made from a single width of hide has just been manufactured by a Hartford firm. It is four feet wide, ninety-six feet long, and weighs 1,000 pounds. The clippings of sole-leather in the New England shoe-factories, that were formerly considered worthless, are now stamped into buttons for clothes and fancy tack-heads for upholstery. About $12,214,000 has been placed in increasing the number of cotton-spindles in the South during the years 1881-82. Georgia has added 100,000; Alabama, 34,000; Tennessee, 24,000; Mississippi, 32,000; Louisiana, 21,000; North Carolina, 43,000; South Carolina, 96,000. Total new spindles, 361,000.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Acorns.

Acorns are the fruit or nut of the oak, of which there are about 100 species distributed over the globe, but mostly in temperate climates. In ancient times Rome, according to Strabo, was supplied with pork, fattened mainly on the mast in the forests of Gaul, and the poor people in the mountains of Spain made acorn meal, from which coarse and wholesome bread and cakes were made, as is now done by Italian peasants. Pliny, who gives more minute descriptions of the various species of oaks and their fruit, says (Liber 16, chap. 3) that in Spain acorns were often brought to the table for desert but it is possible he referred to the chestnut, or some similar nut, although it is well known that the acorns of the cork oak of the south of Europe are of a much milder flavor than those of more northern species. The same difference is noticeable in the oak fruit of this country, the acorns of the live oak of the Southern States being more palatable than those of the white or black oaks of the North. Acorns were formerly considered of much value in Great Britain for feeding swine, and were sometimes used as food by the hardy race of men living there. About the end of the seventh century King Ina issued an order regulating the fattening of swine with acorns or mast by his Saxon subjects, and a century later Elphelmus reserved the pawnage or pasturage of 200 hogs as a part of his lady's dowry. Mast, as wild nuts came to be called in later years, was much valued throughout Great Britain, as it had long been on the Continent, and Edward the Confessor, in 1050, mentions or gives a certain quantity in one of his donations. In the time of William the Conqueror the woods of England were surveyed and valued in proportion to the number of swine that could be fattened on their acorns, the oak being then valued mostly for its fruit. The Norman kings, in their love for the chase, sometimes intruded upon private domains and took from their owners the right of pawnage, or gathering the mast therefrom.

Famines have sometimes been increased in severity, if not caused, by the failure of the mast crop. At the time of the great famine in England in 1116 it is recorded that among crops failing that year that of mast was very deficient, which made a scarcity of meat, and in consequence added much to the distress of the people. In the early settlement of America the acorn crop was named as one of the good things found in the new country, and pioneers in all the wooded sections of the United States have found the mast of much value, and in many sections mast-fattened pork is not uncommon at the present time, which possesses a sweet and delicate flavor of its own, and if not quite so firm and solid as that produced from Indian corn, has as a compensation the fact that it costs less to raise.

Acorns are of two distinct classes, these being annual and biennial fruiting. The English oak and also our native white, burr, post, over-cup, live and chestnut oaks blossom in the spring and perfect their fruit in the same year, but the acorns of the willow, shingle and water oaks are not matured until the end of the second season. In regions where these last-named species predominate, there will usually be a great abundance of fruit one year and but little the next, the trees appearing to affiliate as do apple trees in an orchard, all giving full crops in the bearing year without regard to their age or other conditions. There is also a great difference in the qualities of the acorns of the two classes, those of the annual bearers being much sweeter [illegible] less bitter than those of the others. [illegible]ill also often be noticed that the [illegible]s of trees of the same species grow[illegible] together frequently vary con[illegible] fl[illegible] and although [illegible]tions may not be greater than [illegible] in other wild nut trees, they are [illegible] marked and well known. We re[me]mber two white oaks that stood side by side in a pasture; the acorns of one were of such excellent flavor that the boys of the neighborhood never allowed them to remain ungathered, while those of the other were left for animals of less fastidious taste. Raccoons, bears and the various species of deer, as well as many of the smaller animals, are very fond of acorns, and the same may be said of all the larger granivorous birds, such as turkeys, partridges and blackbirds.

In these days of collections one of acorns would be among the most creditable, and we doubt not any who would undertake to make one of the varieties to be found in their own immediate vicinity would be surprised at their number. He who will during the coming year make such a collection, and then make himself acquainted with the peculiarities of the tree that bore each, its habits of growth, value for timber, appearance of wood and foliage, and other points in which it differs from other oaks, will obtain a fund of information with which he would not willingly part.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Sheikh Obeidoullah.

By no means groundless appear to be the anxiety and alarm of the Porte at the disappearance from Constantinople of the old Sheikh Obeidoullah. He, it will be remembered, is the mighty chieftain of the Kurds who, in 1880, organized an army of his own relatives and dependents, and invaded Persia. At first no remonstrance was offered by the Porte, and the Persian troops were quickly put to rout by the Kurdish horders. Having gone as far as the City of Oroomiah and laid waste a vast extent of Persian territory, Obeidoullah leisurely retired to his own land again, only to begin preparations for a second expedition, with the avowed object of the conquest of Persia. At this juncture, however, the Porte was prevailed upon by Persia to interfere, and Obeidoullah was invited by the Sultan to visit Constantinople, ostensibly for the purpose of conferring about the proposed raid. Once there, however, he was given to understand that he must stay there, and since then, until his recent escape, he lived in Constantinople in great state, holding court, and exercising public influence not much inferior to that of the Sultan himself. The Sultan treated him with the utmost consideration, and all the high dignitaries of the Empire esteemed it a privilege to be admitted to his presence and be allowed to kiss his feet. Still the police kept close watch upon him, and it was only by a remarkable piece of strategy that he at last succeeded, two weeks ago, in escaping by way of Russia. Now, if he succeeds in recrossing the Russian frontier he may cause the much-perplexed Porte most serious trouble, for he has sworn to invade Persia again under the Turkish flag. He is a lord of a vast extent of fertile country south of Lake Van, the inhabitants of which are prosperous and intelligent. They are fanatically devoted to him, both as a military and political leader, and also as a religious guide and prophet, for he stands at the head of the famous Order of Nekhshibendee Dervishes. So he will quickly be able to raise an army of many thousands of fierce, bigoted Kurds, accustomed to standard war, and ready to follow his standard wherever he may lead.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Tong Sing, the Chinaman who got home safe from the wreck of the Jeannette, has been set up in business in a red-painted shop just opposite Willard's Hotel, on Pennsylvania Avenue. "Tong Sing," the legend runs, "Chinese laundry, tea, coffee, spices and tobacco," and then across the front, in great white letters on the red ground, "Jeannette." No one seems to go in or out, but then this is true of all Washington stores except those having a "sozzle-box," as the Kentuckians call a soda-water fountain.—*Washington Star.*

A Northern Waterway.

The project of the Hudson's Bay Company in putting a steamboat on the Athabasca River, is a movement that promises the most important results to that far-off country, and is one of the most daring of the many flights of enterprise that have marked the opening up of the Northwest, and much greater than their other act of building a tramway around Grand Rapids and putting steamers on the Saskatchewan. When a railway is built across an unopened country, a line of settlement is sure to follow, and to contribute largely to furnishing traffic for it; but this case is widely different, for its mission will be to open up a country at present unsettled by any save the employes of the Hudson's Bay Company, some missionaries, a few traders, and a mere handful of men who have gone in this season to test the agricultural capabilities of the country to which the Athabosca affords the readiest access, and which is reported as being equal in fertility to any part of the continent. The steamer in question is no mere toy affair, but will be worthy of the noble stream it is to ply upon. It will be provided with powerful machinery of the most modern character, only equalled by that of the new steamer now being placed on the Saskatchewan.

Few people can form an adequate conception of the difficulties to be overcome in taking the ponderous machinery overland to its destination, nor the amount of labor that will be involved in getting the necessary timber and material ready in those remote regions, where everything is done by hand, and where skilled workmen of the various classes necessary to construct the vessels must all be taken in by the Company. Captain Smith, so favorably known on the Saskatchewan, will probably be sent North to superintend the construction of the new vessel. The machinery, etc., were taken to Carleton a short time ago, and dispatched to their destination by the Company's ordinary route. The successful working of this boat will give an impetus to travel and trade that will soon make the organized territories, with their lines of steamers and railways, seem to be among the central if not the eastern territories. This boat will be the pioneer in opening up a system of magnificent water-stretches far grander and of greater extent than the famed St. Lawrence system.—*Saskatchewan Herald.*

A Remarkable Recluse.

The death of a remarkable recluse is reported to have occurred in the Grecian monastery on Mount Athos, in Macedonia. He was ninety-four years of age at his death, and for sixty-eight years had been an inmate of a solitary cell, from which he never emerged except to attend chapel services morning and evening, and he there always provided himself with food needed for the following day. He passed his time in devotions and in painting pictures of the Virgin which the officials of the monastery then sold. His body, pursuant to his wishes, was buried before the door of his cell. The oldest amongst his brother monks could not remember ever to have seen him receive a communication or visitor from the outside world. For sixty-eight years he was practically buried in the monastery. He died with a reputation for great sanctity, and his body will be a treasure to the monastery, as his history was while he lived.

—There are on file in the office of the Comptroller of Connecticut, in compliance with the requirements of the State law, the names of nearly or quite 3,000 depositors in the savings banks of the State whose deposits have remained uncalled for and have not been increased otherwise than by the accruing interest for twenty years past. The am[illegible] unclaimed range from [illegible] $3,346.—*New Haven Register.*

—Polo is a game played by thin-legged young men who smoke cigarettes They ride sawed-off horses and try to knock a wooden ball across a lot. Benjamin Franklin, George Washington, and several other men whose memories are held in high esteem, never played polo.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The new opera-house in Frankfort-on-the-Main illustrates the manner in which electricity enters into the conveniences of daily life. It there serves as a fire alarm, a door-closer, a heat indicator, a life measurer for the ventilator, a general illuminator and a time beater for the orchestra.

—The birthplace of Whittier, near Haverhill, Mass., is now the property of Mr. George Elliott, of Boston, who has rescued it from decay and is reserving it for future generations as a memorial of the great Quaker poet.

—A granite memorial to Elihu Burritt, the "learned blacksmith," bearing the simple inscription, "Friend of Peace and Philanthropist," has been set up in New Britain Cemetery, Connecticut.

—There are 2,400 different diseases which man can have to throw him on his back, yet he growls if he shakes with the ague.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A thirteen-year-old girl, living near Houma, La., has a light-brown beard two inches long.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE Richmond (Va.) *State* writes: Ex-Mayor J. A. Gentry, Manchester, this state, was cured of rehumatism by St. Jacobs Oil.

VERY like it: Tutor—"What, what Mumbles? How do you translate semetipsum?" Master Mumbles (with some slight hesitation)—"Half tipsy, sir!"—*London Punch.*

WE know from experience St. Jacobs Oil will cure rheumatism.—*Peoria (Ill.) Peoaian.*

SO THEY have got a corner on tan-bark, have they? Well, well; that accounts for the different flavor of boarding-house coffee of late.

A PHILOSOPHER remarks: "Waiting for a man to come home from a lodge is dull business for a lively woman." This is important, if true, but a lively woman is too sensible to do any such foolish thing. She just bolts the front door before retiring, and then lets the man wait until she gets ready to let him in. We speak advisedly, brethren.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

A WRITER in the London *Field* says that no two tigers are alike. We'll take his word for it. We're not going to take the trouble to monkey with a couple of tigers just to gratify an ephemeral curiosity.—*Boston Post.*

AT Norwich Miss Maria Baker was married to Mr. Butcher. The bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. Brewer, and the clergyman who married them was Mr. Painter.—*Quiz.*

THE boy who asked "what day of the month does the Fourth of July come on?" probably was a relative of the lad who inquired of his mother: "How often does leap-frog year come?"

"THAT'S nothing," said Fogg, commenting on the case of a somnambulist who tumbled from the roof of a house, "only a case of falling asleep."—*Boston Transcript.*

THE Yorkshire, England, races were won by Peppermint. With green apples, watermelons and peaches so plenty, we knew that Peppermint would come to the front.—*Marathon Independent.*

"I SUPPOSE it just means that he hired 'em out," was the reply of a small Sunday-school child when asked what was meant by the expression: "And the King rent his clothes."

SCIENTISTS are all lost looking for "the footprints of early man." They do not consider that early man was first a creeper, and consequently did not leave footprints.—*N. O. Picayune.*

"ARE you feeling very ill?" asked the physician. "Let me see your tongue, please?" "It is no use, doctor" replied the patient; "no tongue can tell how bad I feel."

"'TWERE better we had never met," as the goat remarked after his unsuccessful attempt to knock a cast-iron dog clear across a three-acre lawn.—*Boston Times.*

DR. R. V. PIERCE'S "Golden Medical Discovery cures every kind of humor, from the common pimple or eruption to the worst scrofula.

Four to six bottles cure salt-rheum or tetter.

One to five bottles cure the worst kind of pimples on the face.

Two to four bottles clear the system of boils, carbuncles, and sores.

Five to eight bottles cure corrupt or running ulcers and the worst scrofula.

By druggists, and in half-dozen and dozen lots at great discount.

IT is always agreeable after you've told a funny yarn to have somebody in the crowd remark that he always liked that story.—*Boston Post.*

WEAK lungs, spitting of blood, consumption, and kindred affections, cured without physician. Address for treatise, with two stamps, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

THIS year people have been going away to spend their money, not to spend the summer.—*N. O. Picayune.*

"The Almighty Dollar."

This expression originated with Washington Irving, and was designed to personify American idolatry, or passion for gain. And yet a dollar has many priceless functions. For example, it will buy a bottle of Mishler's Herb Bitters, the only reliable specific for Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Fever and Ague, Dysentery, Kidney and Liver diseases, and most of the common disorders of the day which defy other medicines.

STEP on a woman's trail and she has a claim for damages. Her redress is a new dress.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Nonpareil Velveteen.

"Another velvet season is one of the certainties announced thus early by the merchants. The best service is given by the close, short pile velvets, such as the Nonpareil Velveteen, which is not easily marred or crushed. The Nonpareil Velveteen is found in all the stylish new shades, and when made up, with the pile turned upward, it cannot be distinguished from silk velvet. The difference in the price makes a garment cost about one-third as much as if made of Lyon's silk velvet."—*From Harper's Bazar, September 2.* To be purchased from all first-class dry goods retailers.

THE Burr family have had a reunion in Maine, which reminds the New York *Times* that the Burrs always stick together.

"A Drop of Joy in Every Word."

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: Three months ago I was broken out with large ulcers and sores on my body, limbs and face. I procured your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Purgative Pellets" and have taken six bottles, and to-day I am in good health, all those ugly ulcers having healed and left my skin in a natural, healthy condition. I thought at one time that I could not be cured. Although I can but poorly express my gratitude to you, yet there is a drop of joy in every word I write. Yours truly,

JAMES O. BELLIS, Flemington, N. J.

"Discovery" sold by druggists.

THE shrewd old man told his amiable little boy that it was better to waste other people's time than his own.

THERE is no need of being imposed on if you will insist on having the Frazer Brand of Axle Grease. One greasing will last two weeks.

A WRITER in the *Musical Education* writes on "How to Breathe." To those who are not too lazy it will be found interesting.—*N. O. Picayune.*

"Perfectly Wonderful."

MOBILE, Ala., Feb. 21, 1880.

H. H. WARNER & Co.: *Sirs*—Your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure has entirely cured me of a chronic kidney and bladder disease. Its effect is perfectly wonderful.

BENJAMIN M. STEVENS.

IT is downright mean, the way we serve our teeth. In childhood we cut them, and in old age drop them.

Our Progress.

As stages are quickly abandoned with the compl[illegible] of railroads, so the hugh, [illegible] doned with the introduction of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, but composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts. By druggists.

Latin is a dead language, and that is why doctors use it for writing out their prescriptions.—*N. O. Picayune.*

"Buchupaiba."

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. $1. Druggists. Send for pamphlet to E. S. WELLS, Jersey City, N. J.

A DAILY paper says a Coney Islander was shot in the brawl. Now, what part of the human anatomy is that?

LYON'S Heel Stiffeners keep new boots and shoes straight. By shoe and hardware dealers.

WHEN prayers are put in a book they are bound to be repeated.

Personal!

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

MENSMAN'S peptonized beef tonic, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties.* It contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

TRY the new brand Spring Tobacco.

MISHLER'S HERB BITTERS

ABSOLUTELY PURIFIES THE BLOOD, Equalizes its Circulation, Regulates its Supply, Improves its Quality, therefore Furnishes Vital Energy.

. . . . CONQUERS DISEASE, ...

PERFECTS DIGESTION, Improves the Appetite, Cleanses the Liver and Kidneys; Acts as a mild stomachic and Imparts Vitality and Elasticity to every Organ of the Body. Formulæ in use 200 years.

. . . . IT HAS NO PEER. . . . .

MALARIA GIVES UP THE GHOST upon use while the system is brought to a state of perfect health and vigor. Get it at once. $1. per Bottle.

Mishler's Green Label Bitters, a Specific for Scrofula, Old Sores, Syphilis, &c., while Mishler's Red Label Bitters are prepared expressly for Diseases peculiar to Females. $1.50 per Bottle.

All sold by Druggists.

Send for book "Messenger of Health."

MISHLER HERB BITTERS CO., Lancaster, Pa.

Parker's Pleasant Worm Syrup works like a Charm.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

That terrible scourge fever and ague, and its congener, bilious remittent, besides affections of the stomach, liver and bowels, produced by miasmatic air and water, are both eradicated and prevented by the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a purely vegetable elixir, indorsed by physicians, and more extensively used as a remedy for the above class of disorders, as well as for many others, than any medicine of the age. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

$47 A MONTH and board in your county. Men or Ladies. Pleasant business. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & Co., Box 94, Chicago, Ill.

$225 A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—90 best selling articles in the world; 1 sample *free* Address J. A. Bronson, Detroit, Mich

YOUNG MEN If you want to learn Telegraphy in a few months, and be certain of a situation, address VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

BAND & Orchestra Music. Catalogues free. Thompson & Odell. 78 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

12 Cents buys 3 Lovely Ad. Cards and a None Such Cook Book. GEO. C. HANFORD, Syracuse, N. Y.

A SURE CURE for Epilepsy or Fits in 24 hours. Free to poor. DR. KRUSE, 2844 Arsenal St., St. Louis, Mo

ST. JACOBS OIL TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY. FOR RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages. 9

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO., *Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.*

MERCHANT'S GARGLING OIL

A LINIMENT FOR MAN & BEAST.

MERCHANT'S GARGLING OIL is the oldest and the standard liniment of the United States. Large size, $1.00; medium 50 cents; small, 25 cents; small size for family use, 25 cents; Merchant's Worm Tablets, 25 cents. For sale by every druggist and dealer in general merchandise.

For Family Use.

The Gargling Oil Liniment with WHITE WRAPPER, prepared for human flesh, is put up in small bottles *only,* and does not stain the skin. Price 25 cents.

The Gargling Oil Almanac for 1883

Is now in the hands of our printer, and will be ready for distribution during the months of November and December, 1882. The Almanac for the coming year will be more useful and instructive than ever, and will be sent free to any address. Write for one.

Ask the Nearest Druggist.

If the dealers in your place do not keep Merchant's Gargling Oil for sale, insist upon their sending to us, or where they get their medicines, and get it. Keep the bottle well corked, and shake it before using. Yellow wrapper for animal and white for human flesh.

Special Notice.

[illegible] use as a liniment [illegible] century. All we ask is a fair trial, but be sure and follow directions.

The Gargling Oil and Merchant's Worm Tablets are for sale by all druggists and dealers in general merchandise throughout the world.

Manufactured at Lockport, N. Y., by Merchant's Gargling Oil Company.

John Hodge

Secretary.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE **HISTORY OF THE U. S.** BY ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

It contains nearly **300** fine portraits and engravings of battles and other historical scenes, and is the most complete and valuable history ever published. It is sold by subscription only, and Agents are wanted in every county. Send for circulars and extra terms to Agents. Address,

NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

TEAS in abundance.—35 Million pounds imported last year.—Prices lower than ever.—Agents wanted.—Don't waste time.—Send for circular.

10 lbs. Good Black or Mixed, for $1.
10 lbs. Fine Black or Mixed, for $2.
10 lbs. Choice Black or Mixed, for $3.

Send for pound sample, 17 cts. extra for postage. Then get up a club. Choicest Tea in the world.—Largest variety.—Pleases everybody.—Oldest Tea House in America.—No chromo.—No Humbug.—Straight business.—Value for money.

ROB'T WELLS, 43 Vesey St., N. Y., P. O. Box 1287.

USE NONE BUT THE BEST. THE GREAT FAMILY SOAP MAKER **SAPONIFIER** THE ORIGINAL CONCENTRATED LYE SOLD BY ALL GROCERS PENNA. SALT M'F'G. CO. PHILA.

NEW RICH BLOOD!

Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take one pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sold everywhere or sent by mail for 8 letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

GOOD NEWS TO LADIES!

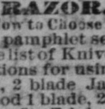
Get up Clubs for our CELEBRATED TEAS, and secure a beautiful "Moss Rose or Gold Band Tea Set," (44 pieces,) our own importation. One of these beautiful Tea Sets given away to the party sending a Club for $25.00. Beware of the so-called "CHEAP TEAS" that are being advertised—they are dangerous and detrimental to health—slow poison. Deal only with reliable Houses and with first hands if possible. No humbug.

The Great American Tea Co., Importers, P. O. Box 289. 31 & 33 VESEY ST., New York.

DO NOT FAIL to send for our fall price list for 1882. *Free* to any address upon application. Contains descriptions of *everything* required for Personal or Family use, with over 2,200 illustrations. We sell all goods at wholesale prices in quantities to suit the purchaser. The only institution who make this their special business. MONTGOMERY WARD & CO., 227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

FREE! A GOOD RAZOR. How to Use it! How to Choose It! And How Many Men Abuse It! Our pamphlet sent free to any address. Also 40 page list of Knives, Razors and Scissors, with directions for using. Sample hand-forged, razor steel, 2 blade Jack Knife sent post-paid for 50c. Good 1 blade, 25c. Address MAHER & GROSH, 334 Monroe St., Toledo. O.

TRUTH IS MIGHTY. Prof. MARTINEZ, the Great Spanish Seer, Astrologer and Psychologist, will, for 30 cents, with age, height, color of eyes and lock of hair, send a CORRECT PICTURE of your future husband or wife, with name, time and place of meeting, and date of marriage, psychologically predicted. Money refunded to all not satisfied. Address Prof. L. Martinez, 10 Mont'y Pl., Boston, Mass.



A KEY WILL WIND THAT ANY WATCH AND NOT WEAR OUT. SOLD by Watchmakers. By mail, 25 cts. Circulars FREE. J. S. BIRCH & CO., 38 Dey St., N. Y.

BUGGIES Best work in the U. S. for the money. Enterprise Carriage Co., Cin'ti, O. Territory Given. Catalogue FREE.

SAW MILLS The Best is Cheapest For Descriptive Circular & Prices write THE AULTMAN & TAYLOR CO., Mansfield, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED for the Best and Fastest-selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philad'a, Pa.

EDUCATIONAL.

A Business College. Education should be possessed by every young man and woman. The best place to get it is at the Grand Rapids (Mich.) Business College. Write for College Journal—sent free.

A. N. K.—E. 892 38—82

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

Local Items.

Miss Eddie Hoaglan, left Saturday to attend school at Russelville, Ky.

Mrs Roy Niblett is visiting relatives at Union City.

There is a bountiful supply of hogs in Central Kentucky.

The Mayfield Fair! begins October 10th.

Mrs. C. A. Holcombe and Miss Minnie Hoaglan, are visiting Paducah, this week.

Miss Julia Park, of Chattanooga, Tenn., is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. W. Powell.

If you want a nice dress, something new and stylish, go to
ALEXANDER & MAXWELL.

Sam Kirkpatrick, jr., left Wednesday, to take in the Cincinnati exposition.

Mr. V. A McCutcheon, of Paducah was thrown from a buggy, Sunday, and had a rib broken and suffered other injuries.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Boyd, of Nashville, Ill., are visiting relatives at the Laclede.

The Columbus Beacon will suspend October 1. The office will be removed to Jackson, Tenn., where the proprietors of the Beacon will publish a daily paper.

Walter Kingman, John Mayes, and James Dodds, left Tuesday morning, for Lexington, to attend the Agricultural and Mechanical College.

Every Pump warranted to be effective and not to taste or spoil the water.
RICH & LOWE WOOD PUMP CO
Hickman, Ky.

Vennor's prediction made last April was that there would be hot weather about the middle of September, and cold weather about the first of October.

The Troy convention nominated Hon. B. B. Watkins, of Dyer, for Senator; and R. M. Darnell, of Lake, for Floater.

If you want a protector against the Fire fiend, get one of those FORCE PUMPS of the
RICH & LOWE WOOD PUMP CO.,
Hickman, Ky.

The Union City Fair commences next Tuesday, Oct. 3rd, and continues 5 days. Extensive preparations are being made by the management to have the exhibition this year the grandest in the history of the Association.

The Hickman Circuit Court sentenced two colored men to the penitentiary, one for grand larceny and the other for horse stealing. The trial of young Skaggs, charged with the murder of Bud Hays, resulted in a hung jury.

HOP AT UNION CITY.—Prof. Searcy gives a general Hop at Union City, at the Court House, during the Fair, with full string band and programme. Ladies and gentlemen of Hickman invited to attend on Oct. 3rd, at 8 P. M.

We will not be undersold, the Old Reliable.
PLAUT BRO'S. & Co.

[illegible] Light Bread Flour —Some of the families in Hickman are in ectacies over the Fancy New Process Flour of Powell & Bro This notice is not an advertisement, but is given at the instance of citizens. Inquire for their best brand. Don't buy the 2nd or 3rd grade, expecting this recommendation to apply to them, but buy their first grade.

PADUCAH seems to have waked up to the existence of a bare-faced fraud in her midst. The "Order of Mutual Friends" turns out to be, it is said, an organization for the purpose of supporting a set of officers in comparative idleness. So says the Paducah correspondent of the *Courier-Journal.*

Why are they always busy at the Square Deal? Because polite clerks and low prices will attract the crowd. If you want any winter goods of any description it will pay you well to call. No trouble to show goods

"THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND."—With the cry of "hard times" we hunt for the place where the best goods can be bought for the least money. A visit to the "Square Deal will convince the most skeptical." A dollar saved is a dollar made.

On last Thursday night expert burglars entered the grocery house of Tyler & Murphy, Fulton, and succeeded in blowing the door of their safe off, but failed to enter the vault. The same night the parties entered the store house of Mr. Bolinger and robbed it of some pistols and other things. The work in Tyler & Murphy's showed the hand of expert cracksmen. No clue to the robbers. The citizens of Fulton offer a reward of about $500 for their capture.

"They are selling more goods than any house in town," is the general talk of the street. In fact the Square Deal takes the cake.

Sell's circus was wrecked near Lancaster, Ky., Monday last, and three men killed, and a number wounded. A boy who was stealing a ride was one of the killed. The cage containing the tiger was broken and no one had the courage to go near him. Finally the tiger of his own notion walked into his own cage, when the door was closed on him.

The new Hickman, Cairo and Tiptonville packet, now being built at New Albany, Indiana, has been named the H. A. Tyler. This is a deserved compliment to one who has contributed the fruits of a successful business life to the building up of the business interest of Hickman and the surrounding country, and should be accepted as a proper compliment to this community. The boat will be completed by the 25th of October, and enter the Hickman trade by the 1st of November.

Capt. W. J. Turner's new boat was launched at New Albany, last Saturday. When Capt. Baramore gave the word "make ready" Miss Helen Doherty, the handsome and accomplished daughter of Mr. M. Doherty, took her position at the bow of the boat, and as she glided into the water, she broke the traditional bottle of wine over the bow. The new packet is 162 feet long, 35 feet beam, 5 feet hold, and has a full size cabin, two engines and two boilers.

The storm which last week swept through the State of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvaina, swept away factories, bridges, dams, &c., and was altogether the most destructive as to property for many years.

Don't You Forget It.—Old Buck is smashing high prices, and if you want first class goods, at the very lowest cent, go and examine goods and prices.

Grover Cleveland is the Democratic nominee for Governor of New York.

The sufferings from yellow fever at Pensacola, Florida, and points in Texas, have been frightful. The terrible plague is on the decrease.

Robbers entered the house of Mr. S. Star, one of our most worthy German farmers, who lives some 3½ miles from Hickman, Sunday night last, and robbed his son John of $114 in money. The money taken was in a pocket-book in a top bureau drawer. Mr. Star, senior, had his own money in another drawer, but the robber failed to find it. On Tuesday night following, the house was again entered, and some members of the family saw a man leaving the house. Mr. Star believes he knows the robber, but no arrest has yet been made.

Dont forget to call and see our new goods. We sell close and only make a small profit.
Very Respectfully,
ALEXANDER & MAXWELL.

How can they sell goods so low at the Square Deal? Simply because they sell only for the cash and at one price only. This stock of goods must be sold by January 1st, 1883.

FRAUDS IN TELEGRAPHY.—The telegraph operators of the country very generally unite in pronouncing the Telegraph Colleges frauds and a cheat to students of telegraphy. Those young men who patronize such institutes return disgusted, and never make successful operators. Young men are warned against wasting their money—not a one of them, we learn, will ever get employment. Those who wish to adopt this profession should go into the office of some good operator, by and with the consent of the company.

We have just received a beautiful line of cloaks and dolmans which we are selling at bottom figures.
ALEXANDER & MAXWELL.

The Fulton County Teacher's Institute in session at Edmondson's school house, last week, was pronounced more of a success than any previous Institute in this county. The teachers were much interested and persumably each benefitted. The teachers present, were:

Misses Clara A. Phillips, Adel Allen, Mattie Ellison, Rosa Davis, Saccie Kimball, Anna Hannon, Nannie Warford, Lula Henderson, Mary Middleton, Josie Leet, Sallie Carter, Jessie Walker, Mary Johnston, Mary Eddings, and Sallie Gardner. And of the male teachers. Profs. F. F. Jones, J. H. Saunders, E. W. Marrs, J. P. Creed, A. McDaniel, W. C. Hagan, E. J. Hall.

There were four school districts, in which no schools are being taught, unrepresented; and one district absent by reason of the sickness of the teacher.

The corp of county teachers is pronounced of much superior grade to the usual list. The official proceedings of the In[illegible] publication.

Some ladies of the cities of Lexington and Paris, Ky., have advertised through their local papers, proposing to assist women to get an honest emyloyment. There are doubtless women and girls of Hickman and other places who would greet such a proposition from some of the influential ladies with joy, and they would do a brave christian act in this helping their less fortunate neighbors. If ladies who can thus aid would show their willingness to do so, they could accomplish much good in every community.

The road overseers of Fulton county deserve special compliment for their road work this season. We wager that our county roads are in better condition now than they have been for 20 years past. So much for the road law agitation. Jo Luton failed to get his road bill through, but his discussion of the question forced public attention to the importance of good roads, and we see the pruits in the good work now being done by overseers. The agitation must continue until popular sentiment agrees upon a law that will answer the needs of our people. The present road system answered the wants of this section in the pioneer days, but when we think of the immense increase in all kinds of farm products since then, and in all kinds of general traffic, it is clear to all intelligent men that this heavy increase demands something better than the ordinary dirt roads. Our county roads are usually good enough until you get within the neighborhood of shipping points, and there you find the effects of continued use. Let our citizens compare notes, think of the advantages and disadvantages, and finally agree upon some good law.

The town of Fulton, this county, is making splendid strides in improvements. Messrs. Fields, Whitesell and Browder, are about completing a three story brick business block, which would be an ornament to any town; and Mr. Leet is making a brick addition to his hotel which will about double its former capacity. Our enterprising county man, Dr. F. M. Usher, has together with his associates in the tobacco trade, laid the foundation for a large tobacco warehouse, which will be pushed to completion as soon as the brick can be supplied. Besides these there are quite a number of cottage residences going up. Altogether Fulton is prospering, her business men active and hopeful, her women pretty and good humored, her newspapers slopping over with big circus ads., and the boom promises to keep booming.

Tribute of Respect.

Office of Pleasant Grove Lodge, No. 865 K. of H., Crystal, Tenn.

Whereas, The good Lord has seen fit, on the 11th day of September, 1882, to remove from our midst our beloved brother, WOOD R. FERRELL be it,

Resolved, that in the death of Bro. Ferrell, we have lost a beloved brother, his wife a devoted husband, and his children an indulgent father.

Resolved, that a copy of this resolution be sent to his family, and a copy to the News-Banner, and one to the HICKMAN COURIER and to the Union City Anchor.

JAMES H. JONES,
GEORGE CROSS,
D. E. PARK.
} COMMITTEE

The splendid passenger steamer Jas. W. Gaff, that prince of commanders, Capt. Bob Wise, on deck, will pass Hickman next Sunday, carrying the grandest excursion party of the season to the Cincinnati exposition. The Gaff is always provided with splendid music, and the officers spare no effort to make their guests enjoy a royal time. It brings one back to the old ante-war days of steamboat travel, so joyous are the hours one passes on the Gaff. Quite a number of excursionists are entered from Memphis and other points, and a section of State rooms will be reserved for Hickman guests. If you want a joyous time be ready for the trip by next Sunday evening.

Barns and his Boy.

Indianapolis special to the Cincinnati Gazette: Evangelist Barnes said to-day that he might remain here a month, or leave to morrow, as the matter was not one of his own determination, and he could not tell anything about his future. So far there has only been money enough raised to about pay the expenses of himself and family at the hotel and the expenses of the meetings, which have been quite considerable, but an effort will be made to raise $500 by voluntary subscription as a testimonial of regard to the evangelist. Concerning the value of his work, there is a wide diversity of opinion, many excellent and intelligent people speaking of his preaching in terms of the highest commendation, while others equally competent to judge, apparently, do not regard his work with favor. In the evangelist's own sense of the word, his meetings have certainly been highly successful in that they have been largely attended, and his audiences have been deeply affected. On next Thursday his son, William C., who is twenty-two years old, will start in company with C. C. Palmer, of this city, on an evangelistic tour through Eastern Tennessee, the region being similar to that in which Mr Barnes himself began his evangelistic work. Mr. Palmer, who is gifted with a fine tenor voice, will conduct the singing. Young Mr. Barnes has had no experience in this kind of work, but has had a college education and special instruction from his father on Biblical and religious matters, and is said to share the latter's spirit of religious enthusiasm.

Shoes, Shoes, in endless variety, just received, and lower than ever.
PLAUT BRO'S. & Co.

A Story of a New Minister.

Washington special to the Cincinnati Gazette: The following incident is related of Emil Frey, the new Swiss minister here, who was a Captain in the Eighty-second Illinois Volunteers during our war: The new Swiss minister recently arrived in this city, Mr. Emil Frey, was confined in Libby prison at one time, it will be remembered, as hostage for the Confederate Capt. W. J. Gordon, condemned to death by a Federal court martial. President Lincoln, upon being so informed, stayed the execution of Gordon, and then Capt. Frey, of the Eighty second Illinois Volunteers, now the first Minister Plenipotentiary from Switzerland to the United States, virtually saved Gordon's life, who was soon afterward sent to Richmond by a flag of truce, and in return Capt. Frey was released. This morning Capt. Gordon, who is sojourning in this city, called on Mr. Frey and the two saw each other for the first time. As may be well supposed the meeting was highly interesting to both, and to all who chanced to be present. There was a mu[illegible] of experiences during [illegible] of each, and a recital of the fearful suspense both were subject to for a time. They separated, evidently highly gratified to have personally met each other after an interval of seventeen years, when the life of one depended on that of the other, and under circumstances so changed. Mr. Frey on his return to Switzerland was compelled to renaturalize himself, which he did, to become President of the Swiss Council. He is also Major General in the Swiss army.

A Mighty London Fireman.

New York special to the Cincinnati Gazette: Capt. Shaw, Chief of the London Fire Department, has returned from a tour of inspection through several Western cities. To a reporter to-day he expressed his gratitude for the kind reception met with wherever he went.

"How do the fire departments of America compare with those of London?"

"Well, I feel some constraint in speaking, but will say again, as I said in my address in Chicago and in Cincinnati, that what the fire departments of the United States need is a thorough system of training the men. I found the same disregard of training everywhere I went. Every effort seemed to be to purchase the invention of some man who had, perhaps, never been in the business. I found these same cumbrous inventions and appliances everywhere. Your machinery is too heavy to be handled quickly, although the firemen of New York are to be commended for their quickness in getting to a fire. Still, coachmen or women could be taught to do that, and at this point their training ceases. You own the same appliances to put out a fire in a lady's dressing-room that you do to extinguish a conflagration in a cotton warehouse."

"What remedy would you suggest?"

"First, no man is master here as I am in London. Your heads of fire departments are not in office long enough to learn the names of the tools they are expected to use. How can anything be gained from experience when this is the case? Then the men should be thoroughly trained to work with some unity of purpose when at a fire. The firemen of New York are daring, it is true, but what does daring amount to without training and system? You might take the case of the French in the Franco Prussian war. They were dareing, and yet never won a battle. If I had the same system in London that you have I dare say there would be as many big fires in London as in New York."

"Then you think the fire department of this city is not to be compared to that of London?"

"We have unquestionably a better department there. We have much greater 'risks,' to use a fireman's phrase, and much larger buildings. We are expected to protect $1,200,000,000, and are allowed $525,000 to do it with. I do not know the precise figures, but I understand that a much larger sum is expended on the Fire Department of this city. Then we have an area of 121 square miles to go over, much more than is the case here."

Market Review.

WHEAT—The receipts here continue light, farmers being very busy sowing wheat. We learn of sales to City Mills at 85c. Real choice No. 2 would sell readily at 90c. Considerable wheat is being held in the county at $1 per bushel. Our advice to such, as it was early in the season, is to sell as soon as possible. We do not look for any advance soon with the immense crops in sight, and the foreign war ended.

CORN—Nothing doing in this grain, but our local buyers are getting ready to handle the largest corn crop for years! With the advent of the new Hickman Packet we look for a boom in corn circles.

COTTON seems to be late this season, and from present indications the crop will be smaller in this section than for several years past. Prices will range between 10 and 11c per lb.

Hides, Wool, Feathers and Produce in demand at St. Louis quotations.

An Autograph.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I write my name as one
On sands by waves o'errun,
Or winter's frosted pane
Traces a record vain.

Oblivion's blankness claims
Wiser and better names,
And well my own may pass
As from the strand or glass.

Wash on, O waves of time!
Melt noons the frosty rime!
Welcome the shadow vast,
The silence that shall last!

When I and all who know
And love me vanish so,
What harm to them or me
Will the lost memory be?

"Convertible Currency."

Col. Kitchen related in his speech that before the war he left St. Louis with $800 of "convertible paper" money in his pocket, and on his arrival at Cincinnati the next morning the $800 wouldn't buy his breakfast, and he denounced such "convertible paper." Our platform says "we favor gold and silver, and paper money convertible into coin on demand," and we mean that whenever a poor man earns a dollar that he can go to bed at night with full assurance that the dollar will not be worth a cent less than a dollar next day, next month or next year.

Bring in your hides. wool, feathers, and country produce, and get the highest cash price, at
PLAUT BRO'S. & Co.

Is Lying Ever Justifiable.

The Rev. Dr. Patton, President of the Howard University, and the Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, editor of the Christian Advocate, have had a disagreement over the question whether lying is ever justifiable. Dr. Patton says that a lie intended to deceive a murderer, and thereby save a life, is sinful, and he blames Dr. Buckley for teaching otherwise. Dr. Buckley reasserts his views as follows: "In case of an attempt to commit murder, or any other high crime, a denial of the presence of the person, or an announcement of his departure, seems to me to be right. The man about to do murder has no claims upon me growing out of human or divine law. If possible, I must seize and confine him, and hand him over to the officers of the law. If this cannot be done by force, I must prevent his act; if this be impossible or hazardous, any stratagem to accomplish the object is right.

Do you want bargains? Call around and see the immense Stock of New Goods at
PLAUT BRO'S & Co.

Wanted to Go On the County.

On Wednesday last, a rather seedy looking, illy dressed individual, entered the County Judge's office, and inquired for that official. Judge Murrell, (who by the-by, has not had the opportunity of officiating in solemnizing the rites of matrimony since his induction into office,) thought he surely had a case, and with his blandest smile, responded:

"I have the honor of being the official for whom you inquire. How can I serve you?"

"Well, Judge," replied the tra[illegible] such he was, "I[illegible] followed [illegible]ty. Out here on the line they s[illegible] was bound to take me—that the[illegible] 'low'd it."

Judge Murrel.—Well, sir, that may be so. Let me know something about your case. In what portion of the county do you live, your special grievances, &c.?

Tramp.—I staid all night on the "line," I tell you, and they said the Kentucky law provided for such as I, and I ought to go to the county Judge and go on the county. My grievance is that I aint got a d—d cent. A pretty tall grievance, Judge, aint it? If I could get a ticket back home, it mought be all right. If there is a law to provide for me, why don't you do it?

Judge Murrell.—If you could get a ticket back home? Where is your home?

Tramp—Well, I've been kinder sloshing around loose, sowing wild oats for more'n two months, but my home's in Mississippi. But say Judge, "give me a ticket or put me on the county." Aint that the law?

Judge Murrell—Well, sir, Kentucky has a law compelling the counties to provide for the indigent poor, and I conscientiously respect that law, but, it is my duty to tell you that this State has another law, which I think more applicable to your case, and that provides for the arrest and *sale* of vagrants into *servitude*, and this latter law I propose to enforce against you just as quick as I can find the sheriff.

Tramp—Vagrant! I aint done *nothing*, Judge.

Judge Murrell.—That's exactly whats the matter. If you're sold and bought by some hard-working tax-payer, maybe he can make you do *something*.

The tramp saw that the now irate Judge meant business, and fortunately for the tramp, some one had left the door open, and through it he broke, and it would have taken a blue-grass racer to have overtaken the aforesaid tramp as he cleared the court-house precincts.

Headquarters for Millinery.

Mrs. Jones extends to the ladies of Hickman and vicinity a cordial invitation to call and examine her large and select stock of fall and winter millinery, it being complete in every department, including both foreign and domestic importations. All those desiring to adorn and beautify themselves, should call early and secure a becoming hat or bonnet, while her stock is fresh and attractive. New goods received daily, including all the novelties of the season, such as collars, ties, laces, flowers, ornaments, ribbons, and goods too numerous to mention. Call and see for yourself.

Statistics show that women do commit suicide most frequently on Sunday. It is on that day that the humiliation of having to wear last seasons bonnet is most keenly felt. Take warning.

There is rank rebellion over in St. Charles county, Mo., and as the rebels are Republicans instead of Democrats, it will be interesting to see what will be done about it. The Republicans of that county recently held a convention and adopted a resolution against prohibition, in presenting which the Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions openly and above board said that he was "sorry to say that Republicans of certain States were attempting to dictate to those of other localities. The yankees had dictated in many matters, but they can not curtail the personal rights of the people. The blue-bellied principles of Plymouth rock are not universal, and can not govern the thoughts and actions of the whole Union, however excellent some of them might be."

Hickman Advertisements.

Slaughter!

This entire stock of goods must be sold by

Jan. 1, 1883.

We have inaugurated a new departure in the trading of Fulton county which has proved an immense success. Call around and see the crowds. All goods marked to sell in plain figures and at

One Price Only.

Calicos 4 and 5 cents a yard
Ladies shoes to close at 40 cents
Ladies slippers " " " 20 cents
Other goods in proportion.

GOODS MUST BE SOLD.

SQUARE DEAL

HEAD-QUARTERS.

For the latest novelties in DRESS GOODS, TRIMMINGS, NECK-WEAR, LACES, and EMBROIDERY. All these goods we are determined to sell at the lowest notch, and we invite special attention of the trade to examine our stock, and we feel confident that all who trade with us will save money. We will sell low, and we mean exactly what we say.

Our

Dolmans, Cloaks, Shawls, &c.,

will command the attention of the closest Buyers

No better line of

Furnishing Goods and Clothing

was ever offered in Hickman, we propose to put the prices down on these articles.

We have the celebrated Custom made

SHOES

Simon Goat Button Shoes for Ladies; also Tompico Goat Oil: Goat Curso Kid and French Kid, which we will guarantee satisfaction. A full line of Children and Misses Solar Tip Shoes, at reasonable prices. Mens and Boys heavy Boots and Shoes, the best the market affords.

GROCERIES,
HARDWARE,
GLASSWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
SADDLERY, &c.

We also a good assortment of double barrel Breech Loading and Muzzle Loading SHOT GUNS. Call and see the GUNS and prices.

J. AMBERG'S SONS.

Hickman Advertisements.

Trusses! Trusses!

SOMETHING NEW.

PERSONS SUFFERING FROM RUPTURE SHOULD GET THE CELEBRATED

HARD RUBBER TRUSS,

WHICH IS WARRANTED TO LAST FIVE YEARS.
FOR SALE BY

J. W. COWGILL, Druggist.

THE OLD RELIABLE!

CHAS. A. HOLCOMBE,

—DEALER IN—

DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, DYE-STUFFS

HICKMAN, KY.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED!

IN THE COURSE OF

HUMAN EVENTS,

You may sometime wish to buy a

STOVE,

—OR SOME KIND OF—

Hardware.

We carry a full line of these goods, and would request you to stop in and examine our prices. As the weather is warm we say just enough to let you see we're on deck.

R. B BREVARD *THE AGENT FOR THE* **FAMOUS STEEL PLOW.**

HERTWECK, BALTZER & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

WAGONS,

Hickman, Kentucky.

DON'T YOU FORGET

THAT WE HAVE THE MOST COMPLETE LINE OF

HARDWARE

STOVES & HOUSE KEEPERS SUPPLIES, to be found in the city, at Prices as low as the Lowest.

To Mill-men!

We are prepared to overhaul and patch BOILEERS, and to overhaul ENGINES STEAM FITTINGS, and all kinds of COPPER and SHEET IRON WORKS, such as S TACKS, BREACHES HEATERS, &c.
J. W. CORMAN & Co.

LACLEDE HOUSE

HICKMAN, KENTUCKY.

THIS HOUSE HAS BEEN RECENTLY ENLARGED, REFITTED, REFURNISHED and thoroughly renovated. Convenient to river and railroad, and attentive watch kept; and, altogether one of the best appointed hotels in this section.
may9-'79
W. J. TURNER, Prop'r.

GOLDBERG,

The Watch Maker.

[IN MRS. SCHARFES GROCERY HOUSE.]

If you want any work done on Watches, Clocks or Jewelry, call at the Post Office, where you can have it done in first rate style, at a reasonablt price. Difficult work solicited.

W. DIESTELBRINK,

Family Groceries.

NO space to name all articles, but no trouble to show goods.
Come and see, at the corner of Troy and Moscow Avenue, East Hickman, Ky
jan25 1y

H. BUCHANAN,

Has just received the largest stock of New and Fashionable GOODS ever brought to Hickman. A big fall in prices. Ten to Twenty per cent. saved in everything bought at the low price house of H. Buchanan. A full and complete line of elegant DRESS GOODS, LACES, EMBROIDERIES, GLOVES, NECK-WEAR, DRESS TRIMMINGS, and HOSIERY, all new and beautiful, and at 10 to 20 per cent. less than can be found elsewhere. A full line of SATINS, VELVETS, SILKS, &c., at a full discount of from 10 to 20 per cent. A splendid line of Ladies' and Misses' custom-made shoes, in all styles. Every pair warranted to give satisfaction. The most elegant line of Ladies' cloaks, ever brought to Hickman, on which you can save 10 to 20 per cent. by buying from H. Buchanan. All new and of the latest styles. The largest and most elegant line of gentlemen's ready made clothing, overcoats, underwear, in endless variety, all new and substantial goods. We guarantee these goods to be full 10 to 20 per cent less than can be bought elsewhere. I am the *maker of low prices* in Hickman, and am determined to keep up the reputation. I mean business. Death to high prices. *All goods warranted as represented; no deception; no old goods; no auction goods; no bankrupt goods; sold in this house.*

H. BUCHANAN.

THE HICKMAN COURIER

— PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY —
GEORGE WARREN,
HICKMAN, : : : : KENTUCKY.

FRIDAY, : : : SEPT. 29, 1882

Mr. Tilden can still ride Blackstone.

Victoria Woodhull is running for President in 1884. She will organize her boom in London and she expects to carry Europe and Canada.

Kellogg, the Louisiana Congressman, is likely to be indicted by the grand jury of his country at its next session for some of his thieving.

President Arthur has been cruising all summer in the Government steamer Despatch, which belongs to the United States and not to the President.

The Czar of Russia has gone from St. Petersburg to Moscow to be crowned. While there he may get on a "bomb."

The Paducah Times says the Purchase will present a candidate before the Republican Gubernatorial Convention in the person of Hon. E. W. Bagby, of that city.

A Hickman county girl advertises in the Fulton Fultonian for a husband. The Fultonian indorses the girl. She is an orphan, seventeen years old, quite pretty and a good girl. She wants a permanent home.

President Arthur may be said to be regularly in the field as a Presidential candidate now. The colored brethren of the Fourth Congressional District of Alabama, in Convention assembled, formally declared in favor of his re-election to a second term.

Farmers should take heart. The acme of labor saving machinery has not yet been reached; and it seems that the very elements conspire to save work for the Agriculturalist. Last week away down in Georgia a cyclone tackled a man's cornfield, and shucked out every ear in it very neatly. When a cyclone is educated up to the point where it will not only shuck the corn, but will haul it up and throw it in the crib, then indeed will people have cause to brag about the excellence of American inventions."

Conkling and Arthur Gossip.

New York special: President Arthur, who started for Washington this afternoon, spent much of his time while here with Steve French and two or three others of the Stalwarts, who are now running the Folger campaign. Folger himself, who had been sick twenty four hours of malaria, got out of bed to go with the President to Washington. What is occasioning remark is the fact that Ex-Senator Roscoe Conkling did not call upon or see the President. Gossips have been hinting for some time that Conkling and Arthur are not so chatty as they have been. They have not met since they went on a Sunday fishing excursion to Long Island last spring. When Arthur came here three weeks ago Conkling went off to Virginia. He returned last week only, and now he has gone off on a trip through the Southwest with Rufus Hatch Senator John P. Jones and others; and this, too, in the heat of a canvass and on the eve of a Republican State convention. Evidently Conkling is going to let Arthur run the machine to suit himself. At all events there is nothing to indicate that Conkling has taken a hand in politics this fall in any way, shape or manner, all this newspaper talk to the contrary notwithstanding.

Protecting the Rear.

In one of the public schools of San Francisco, a youth bubbling over with high spirits violated a long-established rule, and was summoned to the bar of judgment. With many sobs and tears he confessed the soft impeachment. "Have your mother call to-morrow," the teacher remarked, with awful and ominous significance. His maternal ancestor appeared on the following day, and, after being duly and publicly informed of the flagrant breach of discipline her son had been guilty of, was requested to say if she would punish him herself, or have the teacher attend to the matter. She preferred the latter course, and urged that the blows be well laid on. The next day was appointed for the flagellation. At the usual hour for such unpleasant affairs the youth was summoned to the front. He came with a hang-dog look and some trepidation. An oration on youthful frivolities having been duly delivered, the boy was ordered to extend his hand beneath an upraised ruler. He refused, and, in accordance with the usual custom in such cases, was spread across the teacher's knees, and the punishment was administered in another quarter than the one originally intended. For some unexplainable reason the most energetic blows fell without the desired effect. A consultation of male teachers ensued, and the offender was conducted to a private room, and his wardrobe subjected to a rigid examination. On the interior of his bifurcated garment, at a locality of great strategical importance in such an emergency, was a thick flannel baby's frock securely attached. "Who sewed that on?" demanded the principal, in a voice of thunder. "My mother," answered the boy, with broken sobs. The teachers hurriedly consulted again, instructed the boy never to reveal the circumstance, and sent him in to his studies. Somehow the matter leaked out.

Man a Laughing Animal.

Man is said to be the only animal that can cry, and yet he is not really a crying creature. He is a laughing and smiling creature. The hours which bring tears do not come very often. Some firesides see ten or twenty years in which no one has cause for weeping. Many hundreds and thousands meet with no sorrow for a quarter a century. The days on which man cries are few compared with all the days of his life. Man is an animal that can cry, but he is most perfectly a creature that laughs. Not many days pass that bring no pleasant smiles to the majority. There is a column of laughter in the daily newspaper. The light dramas of a pure and ingenious quality draw large audiences, while painful tragedy is less popular, because all mankind would rather laugh than cry. It ought to be an *a priori* argument in favor of life's intrinsic sweetness and worth that man comes up into it with his face beaming with smiles, and this smile widens out as years pass, and the dear old father laughs and plays with children, and one merriment like one electricity thrills the heart of infant and of patriarch.

Gen. Bate, regular Democratic nominee for Governor of Tennessee, speaks at Union City, on Oct. 5th.

The papers of this State are very general in their condemnation of Judge Hargis, one of our Supreme Judges, for his mixing up in so many political elections.

Mat Adams won the nomination at the primary election. He is the only man possible to defeat Jno. D. White. He has a big job before him; but, he will win.

Calloway County instructs for Judge John R. Grace, for congress. The delegates form McCracken and Graves are understood to be for Grace.

The most sickening railroad accident occurred in New York city, last Friday. One train telescoped another in a tunnell, and plowed its way through a mass of human beings. Many lives lost.

Gov. Blackburn has appointed delegates to the Farmer's convention of the United States which is to meet in St. Louis, to-day, the 29th.

Says the Courier-Journal: There is a very general impression over the State that Hon. George M. Adams and Hon. John D. White, rival candidates for Congress in the Tenth district, are kin to each other, but the former denies the allegation and defies the allegator to prove it.

The attorneys for the Government in the Star-route prosecution claim to be much elated over the discovery of new evidence, which will make the conviction of the defendants certain.

From carefully-gathered information the New Orleans Times Democrat decides that, with continued good weather and no frost until the middle of October, Mississippi planters will make a good cotton crop. Corn will not be worth over twenty-five or thirty cents a bushel at gathering time. A large acreage of wheat and oats will be sown this fall.

Prof. A. K. Martin, of Winchester, who has acquired local fame as a weather predicter, makes the following predictions: He says the first snow this year will fall on October 16 and ... and May 15 there will be 33 snows; one of them on December 5th, will be two feet deep. He says it will be the most inclement weather ever known in Kentucky. —[*Covington Commonwealth.*

The colored people of Owensboro attempted to enter their children at the white schools. They were refused admission and immediately brought suit. They have employed Mr. E. W. Bagby, and the suit will be tried at the next term of the United States Court in Paducah.

Hon. E. C. Phister writes to the Lexington Transcript that he "voted for the River and Harbor Bill, and is willing to stand all the responsibility attached to giving such a vote." The article in the New York Sun giving the attitude of Kentucky Congressmen on this measure and Robeson's bill was full of errors.

J. H. McDowell is the nominee for the Legislature from Obion county, on the Bate ticket. On the 29th, to-day, the State Credit or Fuzzell wing of the party meet in Troy, to nominate an opposition ticket. David Bell for Senator and Cochran for Representative, will be the ticket, if they will accept.

Our Congressmen.

So far the following Congressional contests have been arranged by nominations or consent in this State:

First District—Henry H. Houston (Rep.); Oscar Turner (Ind. Dem.); Democratic nomination to be made, Oct. 3rd.

Second—No nominations yet made; by the Republicans. Jas. F. Clay is the democratic nominee.

Third—W. Godfrey Hunter (Rep.); J. E. Halsell (Dem.).

Fourth—T. A. Robinson (Dem).

Fifth—Silas Miller (Rep.); Albert Willis (Dem).

Sixth—John G. Carlisle (Dem).

Seventh—J. C. S. Blackburn (Dem.); W. C. Owens (Dem.).

Eighth—W. O. Bradley (Rep.); Phil B. Thompson, Jr. (Dem.).

Ninth— W. W. Culbertson (Rep.); J. Smith Hurt (Dem.).

Tenth—John D. White (Ind); Democratic nominee, Mat Adams.

Eleventh—D. R. Carr (Rep.); Frank Wolford (Dem.).

In the 1st. 3rd, 4th and 9th conventions were used; and in the 2nd, 5th, 7th and 10th, primary elections and the 6th, 8th and 11th, by consent.

Cadet Whittaker in Georgia

[Atlanta, Ga., Banner-Watchman.]

Ex-Cadet Whittaker, of West Point fame, delivered an address in the colored Methodist church, on Foundry street, last evening to a large colored audience and a few whites, led there by curiosity. The speaker was a young man of twenty years, and almost white He spoke in a pleasing style, and gave every indication of the fact that he was well educated. In a speech of over an our's length you could not detect the first grammatical error. His subject was "The Color Line at West Point." He began his oration in a way not at all flattering to the Republican party. He spoke of the fraudulent "Hayes," the "boss-loving" Grant and the "accidental" Arthur with some tinge of contempt, and said that all he had suffered was from the hands of Republican officers. At West Point he says he was always pointed out and spoken of as "that nigger," and the only gentleman there who ever showed him a kindness was a cadet from Georgia, a southern State. The line of his address was that the true friends of the negro are to be found among the white men of the south, and not the northern Republicans.

County Dem. Committee.

It appears that there is no County Democratic Committee for Fulton county. For many years, Capt. H. A. Tyler was chairman of the county committee, but some years ago he resigned, and we are advised that Mr. Geo. B. Prather was selected as his successor. This occured in 1878, and that same year Mr Prather died. Since then, so far as we can learn, there has been a vacancy. We presume this to be a correct statement of the situation.

Some democrats of the county have obtained the impression that the editor of the Hickman *Courier* was the Chairman of the Committee, and have indulged in censure because he did not give the convention-democrats the opportunity to send delegates to the Paducah convention to assemble Oct. 3rd, to nominate a candidate for Congress; and to such we beg to say that he is not and never was the Chairman, and for some years past not a member of the Committee. This being true, of course, he had no authority in the matter.

The democrats of the County are divided as to the proposed convention, but be this as it may, we presume that not even the anti-convention democrats would object to the convention democrats sending delegates to the Paducah convention. The general negligence of the democrats of the county in not attending to organization matters finds the party under the existing state of facts.

A Little Talk With Blaine.

Chicago special to Cincinnati Commercial: The Chicago Tribune will print an interview, occupying three columns, with Mr. Blaine, the first part of which is devoted to the consideration of his civil service record and the New York Post's personal attacks upon him. Mr. Blaine also speaks at some length of the readjuster movement in Virginia. He said that he was in entire sympathy with the Straight-out Republican party in that State, and that he had always been opposed to a Republican coalition with Mahone.

"I think it was a great blunder," said Mr. Blaine, "to unite the Republican party with the Readjusters. The Republican party has been always pivoted to upholding the public faith, and this fact contributed powerfully to the victory of 1880. To turn right around and join the repudiation wing of the Virginia Democracy seemed to me the last degree of folly for the Republicans. Let us give the devil his due. The Bourbon Democracy passed the McCulloch bill after full consultation with the creditors, and with their consent. Mr. Mahone's party declines to confer with the creditors that the debtors will fix the amount they will pay. The very moment this ground is taken it is repudiation.

"If the creditor is to be excluded from the consideration of even conference, and the debtor himself assumes the right to fix the limit of its liability, then the principle of repudiation is established and subsequent details are left to the whim and caprice of the debtor. I would have advised, and in 1881 I did advise, so far as it was my business, that the Republicans should adhere to their own standard, and not become complicated with any theories of repudiation. In that way good men of all parties would have been drawn to us."

"How was the Garfield Cabinet on the question?" queried the reporter.

"Divided," said Mr. Blaine; "divided about as evenly as seven men can divide on any question, and, therefore, no positive or effective thing was done in the early stage of the campaign, and the tragedy of July 2 removed it from consideration."

"Well, do you think Virginia should be expected to pay the debt in full principal and interest?"

"No," said Mr. Blaine, "I do not, and her creditors do not expect it. The creditors are willing to make a generous adjustment, but they do not want the adjustment to be all on one side and have allowance thrown to them as a bone would be thrown to a starving dog That is about what Mr. Mahone proposes, as I understand it."

"Well, why do you think Virginia should not be expected to pay the whole debt as other States have done?"

"Principally because she was torn and dis membered by the war," responded Mr. Blaine, "and her ability to pay was very greatly impaired. No other State of the Confederacy suffered as Virginia did. No other State was mutilated as she was. West Virginia, that was torn from her in the violence of the war as a war measure, is an empire of wealth lost forever to the old State. No equal area in this country is so rich in natural resources as West Virginia. The people desire the new State and should have it, but the loss to the old State is very great."

"What do you think will be the end of it all?" inquired the reporter.

"I do not know," said Mr. Blaine, "but I should be glad to see the General Government aid Virginia in some practicable way in settling her debt. When we were at war with Mexico and dismembered her territory we made her an allowance of many millions of dollars, and I think we could afford to be equally just and generous to one of our own States that we dismembered for our own advantage."

"Do you think West Virginia ought to pay a share of the debt?"

"Under all the circumstances I do not. Nor do I believe that there is a State in the Union, situated as West Virginia is, that would assume any portion of the Virginia debt. You must remember that we did not erect the State of West Virginia to oblige its inhabitants. We did it as a war measure for the benefit of the whole Union, and the State of Virginia bore the costly sacrifice alone. It is not, in my judgment, fair or right that Virginia alone should be made the victim for the sins of the dead Confederacy."

University Education in The South.

[New York Graphic.]

It is unquestionably true that the common schools of any State will never be found in a flourishing condition without the existence in that State, partly as a cause and partly as a result, of facilities for university education. The instillment of a studious ambition among promising boys and the preparation of young men for the work of teaching are two great benefits which are conferred upon the common schools by the universities, and it is a hopeful sign for the South that there are so many ardent advocates there of the establishment of a State university in every State.

Co-Operative Associations.

[From Nashville American.]

As an instance of the real good that may come of the present Epidemic of marriage and other protective associations, the Chattanooga Tradesman recalls the history of a co-operative concern in England started thirty years ago with a stock of goods costing $80. That corporation now owns one of the largest mercantile establishments in all England; buys grain by the ship load and grinds it in its own mills; has a library of thousands of volumes; a large reading room; an immense hall for public meetings, counts its membership by the thousands and its capital by millions; all owned by work people. Other like concerns in England have made similar records. The institution here referred to is founded on $5 shares, no one stockholder being allowed to carry more than $50 except in cases of heads of families, and they are limited to $500. The suggestion is made that it would be an easy matter for twenty young men to pool their cash, say $50 each, and embark it in some line of trade or manufacture. That is $2,000 to start on, one of the corporation to manage the business, and, at the end of the first year $1,000 be added, or twice that sum. Several of the great New England cotton and other industries began in this way, and have grown from just such beginnings Now what we suggest is this: Instead of indulging in the fever of insurance speculation that prevails at present, take up a form of investment like the above for your small sums. Such an organization is of permanent and increasing benefit to all the stockholders. It calls for so small an amount that most any man may readily embark in it. The matrimonial benefits are hardly greater than the moral influence that grows out of it. It fosters a due economy and regard for the future. It makes a well balanced life for every man, and is a security in time of need.

THE LIQUOR MEN.

In National Convention Make a Declaration of Principles.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 21.—The National Distillers' and Liquor Dealers' Association adjourned this afternoon, after having completed its organization. The following is its declaration of principles:

Whereas, We have, by yielding obedience to the most oppressive laws imposed on any business interest of the country, given abundant evidence of our being a law abiding community of citizens;

Resolved, That we are in favor of yielding equal obedience to the unwritten law of the land, which impels sobriety, good order and respect for the opinions and customs of all good citizens.

Resolved, That we are in favor ... sale of spirits being placed on ... footing as other merchandise.

Resolved, further, That we favor a judicious license system throughout the country, which shall equally benefit the good and afford us protection and the enforcement of laws pertaining to the proper good of cities and towns. We are opposed to fanaticism and prohibition as detriment to the rights of a majority of American citizens, and consider it the duty of all members of this association to oppose such legislation at all places and times. We make no politicalities or requirements as an association, but leave it to the members to act according to their own judgment and interest.

Proctor Knott.

[Correspondence of the Courier-Journal]

Your correspondent rode out this morning to call on Hon. Proctor Knott, who has been confined at home since Saturday last by sickness. I found him lying on a lounge in his library, reading a "handy volume" of Shakespeare, which he laid aside and rose to welcome me in his usual genial manner.

"Sorry to find you sick, Mr. Knott," said I, taking the easy office chair to which he motioned me.

"Oh, I am about all right again," said he, resuming his lounge. "I've been here for several days fighting off an attack of malarial fever or something of the kind, but I hope to be out again in a day or two as well as ever."

"How are you getting along with your canvass for Governor?"

"Very pleasantly," said he, "very pleasantly indeed, if what I have done may be called a canvass. I have seen a great many people and received a great many letters from every portion of the State, and am free to say that, in all the races that I have ever made, I never received a tithe of the encouragement I have had so far in this. Still I have not had the arrogance to claim the nomination as a certainty, as my friend Col. Jones seems to have inferred, perhaps, from some jocular remark I may have made to a friend."

"By the way, have you seen the report of the Colonel's speech in Louisville last Saturday night?"

"Oh, yes. I have read it, and so far, at least, as it concerned myself, I have read it before, as, in that particular, it was substantially a repetition of what he is reported to have said at Lexington a few days before."

"What do you think of it?"

"I have made it a rule through life never to say anything about a competitor in his absence, especially anything that might by the remotest possibility be construed to his disparagement, nor to allude to anything he may say, unless I feel authorized to do so in self-defense. I had hoped, indeed, that the dignity of the position to which we aspire would be a sufficient guarantee against the introduction of anything bearing the semblance of personality into the canvass. And so far as I am concerned, I am determined that it shall be so, unless compelled to it in my own vindication. I would prefer, therefore, to say nothing about Col. Jones or his speech until we meet."

"But certainly there could be no impropriety in your referring to the objections he urges to your being elected."

"Oh, no; I suppose not, and I think I may be permitted to say, without being at all offensive, that I was amazed that he should have made them, unless it were in a spirit of good natured badinage. He certainly knew that I had voluntarily declined to offer as a candidate for re election to Congress, and that on the 4th of March next I will be, like himself, a private citizen; and a lawyer ought to know that the President of a private corporation is in no sense a public officer; but even if the two positions were incompatible, my term as President of the Louisville Water Power and Canal Company will expire on the fourth of next May, so that he can after all claim no advantage of me on the score of being merely a private citizen."

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

FULTON CIRCUIT COURT, KENTUCKY.

Joseph Woolridge, Plaintiff, against Sue R. Barclift, et als, Deft's. } EQUITY

By virtue of a Judgment and Order of Sale of the Fulton Circuit Court, rendered at the August Term thereof 1882, in the above cause, for Division of the Lands of W. H. Woolridge, dec'd, among his heirs, I shall proceed to offer for sale in front of Post Office door, on Lake street, Fulton Ky., to the highest bidder, at PUBLIC AUCTION, on SATURDAY the 7th day of OCTOBER, 1882, at 1 o'clock, P. M., or thereabout, upon a credit of Six and Twelve months, the following described property, to-wit: 1st. One half of lot No. 15 as designated upon the plan or map of the town of Fulton, Ky., it being that part of said lot lying on the P. & M. Railroad, and being 50 feet square. 2nd. Lot No. 10 as designated upon the plan or map of the town of Fulton, Ky., known as the Commercial Hotel lot, fronting 40 feet on the P. & M. Railroad, and extending back 100 feet—that portion of said lot upon which the Post-office now stands and being about 12 feet of same, to be subject to the use and occupancy of W. C. Fagan so long as he sues same as a Post-office. 3rd. The following lot in the town of Fulton, Ky., bounded as follows: beginning at Patton Collin's south-west corner, near slough, thence west 223 feet more or less to a sweet gum on Lake Street extension, thence north with said street 210 feet to a stake, thence east 228 feet more or less to Patton Collin's north-west corner, thence south 210 feet to the beginning.

4th. The following described lot in the town of Fulton, Ky., beginning on the west side of Lake street extension, at E. C. Reed's North-East corner, thence west with said Reed's north line 260 feet to a stake on the bank of the creek, thence north 210 feet to a stake on the creek bank, thence East 260 feet to Lake street extension, thence South 210 feet to the beginning, containing 2 39 100th acre more or less.

5th. The following described lot in Fulton, Ky., beginning at the north line of the right-of-way of the North Y. of the Mississippi Central Railroad, where Lake street extension crosses the same, thence north-east with said right-of-way to the right-of-way of the Paducah & Memphis Railroad, thence north with said right-of-way to within 100 feet of the Sue R. Barclift's south-east corner, thence west 185 feet, thence north 100 feet, thence west to within 100 feet of a sweet gum corner on Lake street extension, thence south 130 feet, thence west 100 feet to Lake street extension, thence south with said street to the beginning; it being what is known as the W. F. Woolridge homestead.

Also, a lot in the north east corner ... Woolridge homestead lot, fronts ... 130 feet, and ... 100 feet.

Also, what is known as the ...ridge mill lot, in Fulton, Ky., beginning at Sue R. Barclift's south west corner, thence west 185 feet, thence south 100 feet, thence east 185 feet to the right of-way of the P. & M. Railroad, thence north with same to Sue R. Barclift's south-east corner, thence west to the beginning. For the purchase price, the purchasers, with approved surety or securities, must execute Bonds bearing legal interest from the day of sale until paid, and having the force and effect of a Judgment. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

GEORGE WARREN,
MASTER COMMISSIONER.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

FULTON CIRCUIT COURT, KENTUCKY.

Joseph Woolridge Pl'ff. *Against* Sue R. Barclift, et. als. Dfts. } Equity.

By virtue of a Judgment and Order of Sale of the Fulton Circuit Court, rendered at the August Term thereof, 1882, in the above cause, for Division of Lands of W. H. Woolridge, dec'd, among his heirs, I shall proceed to offer for sale at the Court-house door, in Hickman, Ky., to the highest bidder, at PUBLIC AUCTION, ON MONDAY, the 9th day of OCTOBER, 1882, at 2 o'clock, P. M., or thereabout (being County Court day), upon a credit of Six and Twelve months, the following described property, to-wit: Lot No. 7 as designated by the Commissioners in the Division of the lands of P. Norman, dec'd, being the north part of the south-west quarter of Sec. 17 township 1 range 4 west in Fulton county, Ky., containing about 30 acres more or less.

For the purchase price, the purchaser with approved surety or securities, must execute bonds, bearing legal interest from the day of sale until paid, and having the force and effect of a Judgment. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

GEO. WARREN,
Master Commissioner.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

FULTON CIRCUIT COURT, KENTUCKY.

Jon. A. Wilson, Com., pl'ff., against. A. J. Grief, Defendant. } EQUITY

By virtue of a Judgment and Order of Sale of the Fulton Circuit Court, rendered at the August Term thereof, 1882, in the above cause, for the sum of Six Hundred Dollars with interest at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum from the 11th, day of October, 1880, until paid, (credited by $42 30, paid the 30th of May, 1881,) and $54.60 costs herein, I shall proceed to offer for sale at the Court-house door, in Hickman, Ky., to the highest bidder, at PUBLIC AUCTION, on MONDAY the 9th day of OCTOBER, 1882, at 2 o'clock, P. M., or thereabout (being County Court day), upon a credit of Six and Twelve months, the following described property, to-wit: Town lots No. 3, 4 and 5 in block No. 3 Paschall's addition to the town of Fulton, or sufficient thereof to produce the sums of money so ordered to be made. For the purchase price, the purchasers, with approved surety or securities, must execute Bonds bearing 10 per cent interest from the day of sale until paid, and having the force and effect of a Judgment. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

The amount of money to be raised by this sale is $731.95.

GEORGE WARREN,
MASTER COMMISSIONER.

The Tariff Commission is still roaming at large. They are allowing a great deal of evidence to make them think as they already wish. When their cumbersome report is made out it will of course amount to nothing, and the Tariff Commission and the Electoral Commission will be written with F. F.—foremost frauds.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

FULTON CIRCUIT COURT, KENTUCKY.

J. D. Wade's Adm'r. Pl'ff, *against* His Heirs and Creditors, D'fts. } EQUITY.

By virtue of a Judgement and Order of Sale of the Fulton Circuit Court, rendered at the August term thereof, 1882, in the above cause for the sum of One thousand ninety two Dollars and twenty-eight cents, with interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum from the 8th day of Sept., 1882, until paid, and $123 85 costs herein, I shall proceed to offer for sale at the Court-house door, in Hickman, Ky., to the highest bidder, at PUBLIC AUCTION, ON MONDAY, the 9th, day of OCTOBER, 1882, at 2 o'clock P. M., or thereabout (being County Court day), upon a credit of Six and Twelve months, the following described property, to wit: 7½ acres of land in the south-west corner of the north-east quarter of Sec. 14 township 1 range 3 west, and about 48½ acres adjoining said land and in the south east quarter of said section and on the north side of same, being the land bought by J. D. Wade from Malachi Pewett.

If the above lands do not bring the amount of the judgment and costs, I will sell off of the residue of said south-east quarter of Sec. 14 township 1 range 3 west, adjoining the part above so much of said land, (but not to include any part of the south sixty acres which has been allotted to the widow and infant children residing with her as a homestead), or sufficient thereof to produce the sums of money so ordered to be made. For the purchase price, the purchasers, with approved surety or securities, must execute Bonds, bearing legal interest from the day of sale until paid, and having the force and effect of a Judgment. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

GEO. WARREN,
Master Commissioner.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

FULTON CIRCUIT COURT, KENTUCKY.

Wm. Barne's Admr. Plff. vs. His Heirs and Crediters, Dfts } Equity.

By virtue of a Judgment and Order of Sale of the Fulton Circuit Court, rendered at the August term thereof, 1882, in the above cause, for the sum of Two Hundred and ninety four dollars and forty-eight cents, with interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum from the 8th day of September, 1882, until paid, and $40 70 costs herein, I shall proceed to offer for sale at the Court house door, in Hickman, Ky., to the highest bidder, at PUBLIC AUCTION, ON MONDAY, the 9th day of OCTOBER, 1882, at 2 o'clock, P. M., ... ing County Court day), upon a ... months, the following described property, to-wit: 22½ acres of land lying in Fulton county, Ky., in the south-east corner of the north east quarter of Sec. 16 township 1 range 4 west, bounded as follows: Commencing at the south east corner of said quarter section, thence north 45 poles, thence west 80 poles, thence south 45 poles, thence east 80 poles to the begining. Or sufficent thereof to produce the sums of money so ordered to be made. For the purchase price, the purchasers, with approved surety or securities, must execute Bonds, bearing legal interest from the day of sale until paid, and having the force and effect of a Judgment. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

GEO. WARREN,
Master Commissioner.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

FULTON CIRCUIT COURT, KENTUCKY.

Thos Dillon, Guardian, &c. Pl'ff, *Against* On Petition, Ex. Parte, D'ft } EQUITY.

By virtue of a Judgment and Order of sale of the Fulton Circuit Court, rendered at the August Term thereof, 1882, in the above cause, I shall proceed to offer for sale at the Court-house door, in Hickman, Ky., to the highest bidder, at PUBLIC AUCTION, ON MONDAY, the 9th day of OCTOBER, 1882 at 2 o'clock, P. M., or thereabout (being County Court day), upon a credit of Six months, the following described property, to wit: The undivided one third interest of John S. Dillon in and to the north forty acres of the south west quarter of sec. 15 township 1 range 5 west, lying in Fulton county, Kentucky. For the purchase price, the purchasers, with approved surety or securities, must execute bonds, bearing legal interest from the day of sale until paid, and having the force and effect of a Judgment. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

GEO. WARREN,
Master Commissioner.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

FULTON CIRCUIT COURT.

H. D. Murphy, &c., Plaintiff *Against* Susan Boaz, &c., Defendant } EQUITY

Notice is hereby given to the Creditors of C. D. Boaz, deceased, that the undersigned, Commissioner of the Fulton Circuit Court, under an Order in the above styled cause, will attend at his office, in Hickman, from the date hereof until the 4th Monday of January, 1883, to receive and hear proof of claims against said decedent; and that all claims not presented to him and proven as required by law, within the time specified above, will be forever barred.

GEO. WARREN,
Master Commissioner.
Hickman, Ky., Sept. 22, 1882.

CALDWELL'S High School.

THE FOURTH YEAR will commence, **Monday, September 4, 1882**, and continue nine months.

The course of study, in addition to thorough Primary Work, will include Higher Mathematics, the Natural Science, German, Latin and Greek, Book Keeping, Penmanship, Elocution and Vocal Culture.

TUITION PER MONTH.

Primary,	$3 00
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☞ Payable monthly in Advance. ☜

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Hickman, Ky., August 11, 1882.

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All kinds of Groceries—hams, sides, &c, as cheap as the cheapest. I will not be undersold.
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Groceries.

25cts Lower than the Lowest.

I have no clerk expensss—no store rent—and pay cash for all my Groceries, and, therefore can sell as cheap as the cheapest. Best brands of Wittenberg and Lone Star Flour, 25 cents cheaper than the lowest. JOHN WITTING.

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(FRENZ'S OLD STAND.)

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FANCY CANDIES, DATES, MINCE-MAAT, PICKLES, CRANBERRIES, HOMINY, GRITS,

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☞ Will not be undersold.
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CALL AT THE
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Thankful for patronage heretofore extended him, he solicits a continuance of same.

John G. Griffin,
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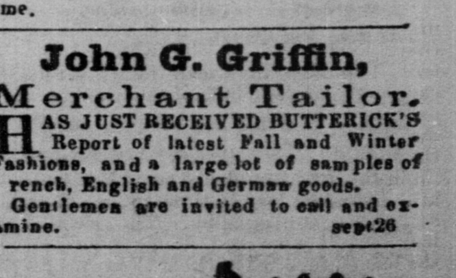
HAS JUST RECEIVED BUTTERICK'S Report of latest Fall and Winter Fashions, and a large lot of samples of French, English and German goods.
Gentlemen are invited to call and examine. sept26



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